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AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

MR. JOHNSON'S language to Sir FREDERICK BRUCE is so judicious and friendly that it will confirm the general disposition to accord to the new PRESIDENT the respect and courtesy which are due to his station. His future policy will be fairly open to criticism, but for the present it is uncertain whether his repeated denunciations of the crime of treason imply any practical consequences. Nearly the whole population of the Southern States is technically guilty of the offence of levying war against the Federal Government; but several of the leaders, having submitted to the conqueror, are in the full enjoyment of personal liberty, and of any property which they may happen to have secured. All sensible Americans would hear with pleasure that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS had arrived safely in some foreign country, for it is impossible to foresee whether popular passion might concentrate itself on one conspicuous victim; yet it may be hoped that the sounder feeling of the country would reject any project of personal vengeance. Mr. DAVIS was elected to his high position by the unanimous vote of the community, and in the conduct of a great war he proved, by the only possible argument, that he represented neither individual ambition nor the prejudices of a petty faction. Only a few months ago, Mr. LINCOLN negotiated with Confederate agents who derived their sole authority from the PRESIDENT; and since that time, the Commander-in-Chief who was appointed by Mr. DAVIS has received from a worthy adversary the considerate treatment which was due to an honourable soldier defeated in legitimate war. If Mr. DAVIS has committed treason, General LEE is also a traitor, and in the same sense General BONAPARTE was formerly a rebel against the authority of LOUIS XVIII. It must be admitted that the punishment of conquered enemies may be vindicated by many historical precedents, but there is reason to hope that the American Government will be juster and more generous. The death of CHARLES I., the execution of the prisoners of Worcester, and the subsequent persecution of the regicides were entirely conformable to the morality of the seventeenth century. Within a few years, the cruelties inflicted by the Austrian Government on the Hungarian insurgents provoked indignation rather than surprise. The latest victims of the official theory of treason are now expiating their mistake in Polish dungeons or in Siberian mines. The Russian Government is at least consistent in its pitiless severity, but the people of the United States are debarred by their own professions from the commonplace indulgence of political revenge. After proclaiming for eighty years, with vociferous unanimity, that any community or portion of a community is entitled to revolt, the Americans found with astonishment that their own country was liable to the convulsions which have made up a large portion of the history of the world. It would have been absurd to expect that the Government of Washington should acquiesce in the secession of a large section of the Federal Republic, merely because coercion was inconsistent with the shallow theories of platforms and school-books. Both parties, disregarding logic, appealed to the decision of force, and the energy of the North has fairly earned a final triumph, but not a right of vengeance.

It is still disputed, and the controversy may probably continue for two or three centuries, whether the secession of sovereign States from the Union amounted to a formal act of treason. Mr. JOHNSON has steadily maintained the affirmative, but Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD seemed, before the attack upon Fort Sumter, to incline to the opposite opinion. The halter is not the best instrument to employ in solving a legal ambiguity. It will assuredly be impossible to persuade the American people that treason involves in all cases the gravest moral guilt. The fanatic JOHN BROWN, who has already become in popular estimation a kind of saint or hero,

intentionally committed treason both against the State of Virginia and against the Federal Government. He framed a document in the form of a Constitution, including a provision for confiscating the property of his enemies, and he then proceeded deliberately to levy war, by taking armed possession of a public arsenal. The Government of Virginia properly punished the half insane author of a criminal plot; and it might be plausibly argued that the undisputed right of holding cognizance of pleas of treason implies an incapacity to commit a similar offence. Treason can only be directed against a sovereign Power; and a State, like a King, if it is really sovereign, can do no wrong. The genuine or verbal indignation of the Northern Americans against the Confederate leaders has, in truth, little connexion with any legal or constitutional argument. The attempt to divide the Union into two parts would have been not less bitterly resented if the Constitution had expressly reserved the right of secession. The American character is, however, in ordinary times, essentially good-natured, and the attainment of the main object of the war will relax the popular determination to stigmatize as a crime what falls, according to Lord DERBY's theory, within the still graver definition of a blunder. It is not yet certain that the war is absolutely at an end, but the fall of Mobile proves that the Confederates are unable to resist the Northern arms throughout the wide region which extends from the river Mississippi to the sea. General JOHNSTON's surrender seems inevitable, if it has not already been completed, and no other regularly organized army remains to prolong the struggle. The Confederates have hitherto held undisturbed possession of Texas, and of parts of Arkansas and Western Louisiana, but it is scarcely probable that they will invite an irresistible invasion when all the fleets and armies of the North are at liberty to complete their conquest. The responsibility of further bloodshed and suffering will fall on any leader who may attempt to continue a hopeless resistance.

When the war is really at an end, individual contumacy may, with some justice, be regarded as a crime. No person has a right to make peace or war, like the Athenian in the comedy, on his own account. Foreign Governments have incurred unbounded vituperation for acting on the assumption that great battles and arduous campaigns implied the existence of belligerents on more than one side; but, when the contest is over, private malcontents must take the consequences of their own disobedience to an established Government. There is fortunately no probability that irregular warfare will follow the dissolution or surrender of the principal armies. The Southern States are not well adapted for operations which would in any case be more injurious to the inhabitants than to the Federal troops. It is also to be presumed that the population must be tired of a contest which has involved unprecedented sacrifices, and that submission will be preferred to a purposeless exhibition of dislike. The arduous problem of reorganization has yet to be solved, but the military authority of the Federal Government will probably be re-established beyond dispute within a few weeks or months. Exactly a year has elapsed since GRANT crossed the Rapidan, and SHERMAN broke up from Chattanooga. The rapid conclusion of the war has surprised both Americans and foreigners, and it is impossible for the acutest politician to foresee the nature or importance of the political complications which can scarcely fail to ensue; but the termination of domestic discord will happily not involve any risk of collision with foreign Governments.

The great civil war has proved that a democracy is capable of acting with extraordinary vigour. Its patience in the discharge of less exciting duties will be more severely tested by peace. It will be necessary for a considerable period to bear a heavy burden of unaccustomed taxation, and it would obviously be prudent to reduce the protective tariff at least

to the point at which, at the expense of the consumer, it would produce the largest amount of revenue. When peace is definitively restored, the pressure of the debt may be considerably diminished by the unobjectionable process of re-borrowing a large portion of the amount at a lower rate of interest. Mr. CHASE and Mr. FESSENDEN judiciously effected their loans at par, and they were consequently compelled to pay an extravagant price for the money which they required. It will probably not be difficult to effect an immediate reduction in the interest of those stocks which are redeemable at the choice of the Government. On the other hand, the principal of the debt will be increased as the value of the paper currency approximates more nearly to the nominal standard. It is fortunate that the SECRETARY of the TREASURY is apparently distinguished from his countrymen in general by a knowledge of economical principles. If he can tide over two or three years of sudden and violent change, he will find no insuperable difficulty in dealing with a debt which will gradually be lightened by the increase in the resources of the country. Twenty years of prosperity, by doubling the population, will diminish in corresponding proportion the liability of each separate tax-payer. Europeans must endure, as well as they can, the self-satisfaction of a nation which attributes to its character and institutions the results of a boundless territory and of consequently unlimited resources. It will henceforth be impossible to exercise the salutary check on American complacency which has hitherto been imperfectly provided by English criticism; yet democratic orators and writers might study with advantage the language and reasoning of a letter which is attributed to the assassin BOOTH. Half the journals of New York are filled every morning with similar specimens of conceited sophistical rodomontade. It is only the subsequent act which distinguishes the murderer from the popular political essayist.

THE REFORM DEBATE.

THE debate of Wednesday seems to hold out a hope that the fallacy of identifying Reform with the simple lowering of the suffrage is being exploded at last. The remarkable feature about it was that it was conducted as if the Conservative party, technically so called, had no existence. They did yeomen's service with their lungs undoubtedly, as might be expected from their more rustic stamina; but, except as *cliqueurs*, they had no part in the performance. The debate was a sort of family council held among the Liberal party to discuss the question of an alliance with democracy. Even the Government did not disturb the strict privacy of the occasion by intruding any sentiments of their own. They did, indeed, depute a Scotch lawyer to deliver judgment upon the electoral wants of English boroughs, but the House, not appreciating the appropriateness of the selection, declined to hear him. The discussion was, therefore, carried on entirely within the limits of the unofficial Liberal party. The remarkable feature of this family wrangle was that, whatever the merits of the case may be, all the ablest Liberal speakers were upon the anti-democratic side.

The speech of Mr. LOWE is of itself sufficient to give a reputation to this spiritless Session. Very few orators have the ability to work out a philosophical demonstration with the terseness of an essay, and at the same time to make it attractive enough to enchain for more than an hour the attention of one of the most impatient assemblies in the world. It was the hard logical character of the speech that gave a special value to it. Rant and cant have been the bane of this controversy. Men of intellect and men of earnestness have taken up this cry of Reform; but the men of intellect have not been in earnest, and the men of earnestness have generally been very far from intellectual. The statesmen who have used it as a crutch to help their feebleness, and to be thrown away when the help ceased to be necessary, have argued with too little sincerity to care for the soundness of their reasoning; and all real attempts at argument have been left to the mere declaimers. No one took the trouble even to attempt to put into words the advantages that would result from lowering the franchise, or the disadvantages that would come from refusing to do so. It was not worth while to go through the labour of thought, when a number of unmeaning phrases were accepted on both sides as its equivalent. Something will have been gained by Mr. LOWE's speech if its effect shall only be to force the Reformers to resort to some better style of argument than claptrap sentiments or blustering threats. Another service will have been rendered by the speech if it shall dissipate the idea that there is any necessary connexion

between liberality of mind and democracy. Mr. LOWE is admirably fitted to convey this lesson. No one can impute to him that he has a bigoted reverence for antiquity, or is the slave of feudal or ecclesiastical ideas. In all matters of abstract thought, his mind is deeply imbued with the newest philosophy of the age. He is endowed with a full measure of that hatred for parsons which is supposed, in the present day, to be the distinguishing mark of intellectual vigour. He abjures endowments, has no respect for the wishes of testators, and stigmatizes the foundation of ancient rights as "musty" "parchments." His political economy is of the straitest sect of the followers of ADAM SMITH, and he has no belief in the advantages of a colonial Empire. In fact, he is in every point the perfect *esprit fort* of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The testimony of a hard logical intellect of this type against democracy is of incalculable value. It shows that the objection to democracy has nothing to do with reactionary opinions or stagnation of mind. It does not belong to the set of ancient ideas from which mankind are emancipating themselves more and more in each successive generation. It has no connexion with the *Nolumus leges Angliae mutari* class of politicians. On the contrary, it commends itself to vigorous political thinkers of the most modern stamp. Mr. LOWE has rebelled against the superstition that there is anything "liberal" in the desire to commit the rule of the British Empire to the least enlightened and the least responsible class. The example he has courageously set will probably be followed by others in sufficient numbers to put an end to the favourite assumption that liberalism and democracy are convertible terms. The power of his and Lord ELCHO's speeches, and the utter absence of any corresponding ability upon the other side, forbade a speedy end to this time-honoured confusion of ideas, at least in the House of Commons. Enlightenment travels slowly downwards, and it may be some time before the conception that there may be a liberalism which is not democratic reaches the constituencies. But perhaps even the ten-pounders may at last be convinced that they will not necessarily be promoting progress by the disfranchisement of themselves.

The great blemish of Mr. LOWE's speech was that part of it which was devoted to a discussion of the merits of the working-classes. It may have been true enough; but it was certain to be irritating, and it was not necessary to his argument. Because you do not choose to have a man for your trustee, it is not necessary to write and tell him that you look upon him as something of a rogue, and a very decided fool. The working-men are treating this agitation with an indifference which is creditable to their practical good sense. It is quite unnecessary to kick them into an interest in it which they fortunately do not as yet feel. And the reference to their merits was the more unwise, because it involved the admission of one of the most fallacious and most dangerous of Mr. BAINES' assumptions. He devoted a long statistical demonstration to the proof that the working-men are much improved since 1832, and he cited a long array of figures to show how much tea and coffee they drink, and how many penny papers they take in. If the controversy is to be maintained on the ground of the vices or the ignorance of the working-men, Mr. BAINES will have the best of it in the long run. It will be impossible to work so invidious a weapon of controversy with effect, especially as the proof of such charges will not be easy; and whatever shortcomings can be established against the working-man, he will probably not have much difficulty in retorting against his betters. But his merits are in reality beside the question altogether. The objection to giving uncontrolled power to his class is the same as the objection to giving uncontrolled power to any other class. They may not be vicious or foolish, but they are human. It is not necessary to show that they desire to apply the sponge to the national debt, or that they are habitual sots, who might have the franchise now if they would only consent to limit their consumption of beer. It is pleasanter to assume that they contemplate no known dishonesty, and that their intemperance is no greater than that of their superiors was within the memory of the present PRIME MINISTER. But it makes no sort of difference to the argument. It is their numbers, not their vices, that we fear. If they were not more numerous than other classes, the objections to their admission to the franchise would be of a far paler cast. If our electoral system had chanced to be so framed that the share of political power exercised by each voter might have some proportion to his stake in the welfare of the country, then the alleged demerits of the working-men would scarcely prove a bar to their enfranchisement. The fatal bar to their admission is the fact—which, as Mr. BUXTON says, depends upon no more abstruse philosophy than that of

COCKER—that if they are admitted to the polling-booth under the present system of voting, they must be supreme. It is weakening the force of the argument to make any portion of it turn on a point so uncertain as the relative excellence or intelligence of various classes.

If the debate continues as it has begun, we may anticipate that at least a sham so transparent as Mr. BAINES' Bill will not survive the dying Parliament. There is something shameless in the persistence with which the Reformers bring forward again and again in Parliament a plan for the settlement of this question which not one of them ventures to advocate upon the platform. There is no reason why they should not ask at once for the more decided measures which the agitators who follow them are demanding. So feeble a compromise as the six-pound franchise does them no good at all. It utterly fails to allay the fears of those who dread democracy; while it is very far indeed from satisfying the cravings of the other side.

ITALY.

THE diplomatic visit of M. VEGEZzi to Rome, though relating to spiritual affairs, might lead insensibly to political negotiations of importance, if where political questions of importance are concerned, the Vatican was not incapable of even dreaming of the necessity of a compromise. The POPE's letter to the King of ITALY is due rather to the POPE's own piety and missionary zeal than to any possibility of sincere reconciliation between the present PONTIFF and Italian Liberalism. In writing to VICTOR EMMANUEL, HIS HOLINESS sacrificed little, and might gain much. One hundred and fifty bishoprics are vacant in the new Italian Kingdom. Some have lost their occupants in the natural course of time. Some bishops are in exile; one cannot be persuaded to come back from prison; and three, if the clerical journals are to be believed, have died of grief at the wickedness of the age. The POPE is too excellent a pastor and too devout a Christian not to be afflicted at the sight of so many Italian sheep left without a shepherd. Personal pride is not any object with him. He will do anything for the good of his Catholic children, except give up an iota of his policy. But, in truth, he loses little more by writing to VICTOR EMMANUEL than the Archbishop of CANTERBURY would lose by addressing the King of DAHOMEY on the subject of the African missionary Church. If, on the other hand, HIS HOLINESS succeeded in his overtures, the advantages to the Papacy were evident. Catholicism would recover in Italy a number of lucrative and influential posts; and the Papacy is not in a position in which it can afford to fling away power or money for anything short of a principle. As the religious feelings of HIS HOLINESS were therefore diplomatically as well as morally unimpeachable, he was allowed by his advisers the luxury of giving vent to them without restraint.

It was natural that the King of ITALY should accept without hesitation the proffered olive-branch, even if the acceptance of it was chiefly beneficial to the POPE. A sudden act of Pontifical courtesy coming in the middle of a shower of maledictions was likely to captivate even an Italian Minister, and the novelty of being on speaking terms with the Head of the Church seemed agreeable enough. Nor was it undesirable, in the middle of the anti-Catholic legislation of the present Session, to show both Italy and Europe that HIS MAJESTY's Government were not Voltairians leagued with M. RENAN to destroy all true religion. Even if the Vatican remained inflexible as to its temporal policy, its willingness to negotiate on spiritual matters involved, indirectly and unconsciously, an abandonment of the excommunications of some years back, and an acquiescence, if only for a moment, in recently accomplished facts. These considerations were doubtless sufficient to induce the Italian Cabinet to accredit to the Vatican M. VEGEZzi, a former Minister of Finance, whose character fitted him for the delicate errand. If he chose to be plain-spoken, M. VEGEZzi might have told Pio Nono that the Church had daily been losing in Italy golden moments, the loss of which could not be repaired even by the investiture of a hundred new bishops. At the present juncture, however, it would have been wasting words to suggest a complete reconciliation, which will never be possible till either Italy or the Papacy changes its aspirations and its programme. The abandonment of the Ministerial Bill for the suppression of the religious orders, at the precise time that M. VEGEZzi was negotiating at Rome, was perhaps only a singular coincidence. The denial of the Ministry that there was any connexion between the two events will probably be accepted, by all except the most violent and indignant patriots, for what such denials are usually worth. Though

the immediate vote which served as a pretext for the withdrawal of the measure involved no principle of importance, the history of its progress through the House had been anything but satisfactory. The attitude, indeed, of the Sicilian Deputies, however hostile, would not have been of serious moment except for the present disturbed state of that island. All Sicily—but more especially the provinces of Palermo and Girgenti—is a sort of nest for the religious orders. A considerable proportion of the population is even dependent upon them. Sicilian opposition was accordingly to be looked for in the course of any legislation which had for its object the cutting down of all religious fraternities in the several Italian provinces upon one Procrustean bed. But there were other circumstances which rendered the position of the Government difficult in the extreme. They had shown too evident a wish from the beginning to curtail all discussion. M. SELLA and his colleagues, neglecting all differences of opinion, drove their Bill through the Chamber as if they were driving a coach-and-six. Several Deputies withdrew amendments which seemed unlikely to be temperately and thoroughly discussed; and the official Commission of the Chamber, seeing their Report disregarded by the Ministry and by the majority as well, announced their intention of abstaining from all share in the debate. Anxious to avoid a Ministerial crisis, and agreeing with the main principle of the measure, the great mass of the Chamber voted as they were told, but privately murmured and complained. The attendance became thinner and thinner. Meanwhile, two considerable rocks still threatened the Government from ahead. One was the evident wish of a number of the Deputies that no exception should be made in favour of the mendicant orders. The second was an amendment, signed by M. RATAZZI and some forty more, proposing to bestow on the communes a portion of the confiscated property. In the presence of these difficulties, the LA MARMORA Cabinet selected a trivial defeat about the future dress of certain nuns as an occasion for abandoning their entire scheme, to the manifest surprise and disappointment of the vast majority of the Chamber. We may reasonably believe that by slow degrees the Ministers had convinced themselves that it is wiser to make laws at leisure than in haste, and that that legislation is likely to be best and most efficacious which follows upon a thorough public discussion of the subject, in the national press and elsewhere. The several matters of detail involved in a suppression of the religious orders had never really been ventilated in the Italian press, and the hurry of the Ministers was depriving the Parliament also of all opportunity of sifting them. The excuse that it would be well to dispose of an agitating problem before going to the general elections was more seductive than constitutional. Upon the whole, it would have shown more experience in the art of law-making to have postponed the introduction of the Bill; but it showed at least decision and vigour to withdraw it. In spite of the temporary delay, the fate of the religious fraternities is, however, evidently sealed. The Italian Chamber has committed itself to the principle of suppression. For the moment the religious orders are respite; but sooner or later they will fall, to the satisfaction of the numerous Italians, of every rank and class, who have learnt to regard all Italian convents and monasteries as so many hives of drones.

Interesting as is M. VEGEZzi's mission, the POPE has been entertaining, in the Duke of PERSIGNY, a still more important messenger. M. DE PERSIGNY, as NAPOLEON III. himself has said, is a man whose ears are very close to the Imperial lips. M. DE SARTIGES represents the French Foreign Office and its chief, M. DROUYN DE LIUYS, and from the ambassador HIS HOLINESS may hope to learn something of the passing notions and policy of the French Government. But M. DE PERSIGNY is more than an Imperial envoy; he is an Imperial confidant. He knows as much as any living soul knows of the secret wishes and intentions of the third NAPOLEON, and he is himself impregnated with the spirit and ideas of Imperialism. If the EMPEROR has sent so honourable and so confidential a servant to the POPE, he has sent him to tell the POPE the truth. The truth probably is, in spite of all conventions, that if HIS HOLINESS will consent to govern decently, France will never allow him to be driven from Rome. Some of the increased communicativeness of the French Executive may be set down as due to the Parliamentary skill of M. THIERS, and to the excitement created by his speech in the French Chamber. But it is strangely clear that the French Government's anxiety for the stability of the POPE is even greater than the anxiety of the POPE himself. The Convention of last September has not succeeded in extorting from the Vatican as much as had possibly been hoped. The threat of abandonment might have

induced a less pious and more worldly Pontiff to busy himself in good earnest with projects of internal reform; but the good and virtuous PIO NONO, when told that the French are going, only closes his eyes, breathes a martyr's prayer, and cheerfully desires the wild beasts to be let in. This is far from NAPOLEON III.'s wish or expectation. So politic and theoretical a schemer scarcely wishes that the Papacy should fall, or that Rome should pass to the Italians; but decency requires that a Government which France protects should not be a standing monument of incapacity and of abuses. That Rome has long distrusted her French champion is not surprising, considering the labyrinthine windings of his policy; but the POPE's distrust begins to take an awkward form if it leads him to project another exodus to Gaeta. It is possible to defend His HOLINESS both against the revolution and against Piedmont, but it would be less easy to ensure his interests and the interests of France against the consequences of his voluntary abdication. The first fruits of M. DE PERSIGNY's journey would already be palpable, if the rumour that the POPE has at last decided upon raising an army be more than a romance. No military force that the POPE could keep on foot would be able to maintain him against the ill-concealed resolution of the Romans. But the raising even of a few thousand mercenaries would be an indication of a resolve to hold on, at all hazards, to the Vatican; and this resolve once taken, France will somehow or other provide for the full completion of her plans. Each fresh move or manifesto of the EMPEROR on the subject of Rome is viewed in Italy with natural disquietude; and the mission of M. DE PERSIGNY comes too soon after M. ROUHER's last speech not to create suspicion and alarm. The silence of the Italian Government as to its future hopes or views is doubtless prudent, if not necessary to its own safety; but such silence will sooner or later turn out to be dearly bought. When the inevitable controversy comes as to the proper meaning and effect of the Convention, the diplomatic advantages will be wholly on the side of France. In a vague sort of way, Italy has reserved to herself the right of dreaming visionary dreams; but France can hereafter boast, with truth, of having always proclaimed her determination to prevent the final consummation of Italian unity. Her ostentatious desire is to reconcile Italy and the Papacy, and to go on patronizing both. It seems to have made some progress, in the simultaneous presence at Rome of the Imperial servant and the Italian envoy, but the exact progress that has been made is, after all, easy to calculate. VICTOR EMMANUEL may readily concede to the POPE the nomination of bishops to the vacant diocesan palaces of his Kingdom. This only proves that the King of ITALY cares less about bishops and bishoprics than the POPE. But the question of Rome on the one side, and the political relations of Church and State upon the other, continue to constitute a wide gulf between the POPE and the Liberals of Italy, which the recent Encyclical has loudly proclaimed, and which neither M. VEGEZI nor M. DE PERSIGNY is likely easily to bridge.

THE EDMUND'S INQUIRY.

WE dismiss, as all the world has dismissed from its consideration, the life and labours of Mr. LEONARD EDMUND'S. He is, as the slang phrase goes, a representative man, but then what he represents is hardly worth a moment's thought. Embezzlement, monstrous impudence, peculation on a scale of very respectable magnitude, are every-day vices; and the only thing personally remarkable about this unpleasant delinquent is that he contrived to be for a whole life the companion and friend of one of the first and most honourable men of the day. As to the crimes which a judicial inquiry imputes to him, they are of a vulgar character enough; but the man has his mark. That he can actually take credit for not having robbed the public of more money, and that he can make it a matter of complaint to his employers that they were such fools as to place money within his reach, is curious. That is, the state of mind which EDMUND'S defence displays is curious, not because it is after all so very uncommon, but because it is uncommon to avow it. Just as a cabman always curses you because he runs over you, so Mr. EDMUND'S makes it a matter of indignant complaint that official people were ever fools enough to think him, or, for the matter of that, any living man, capable of honesty and good faith. *Odisse quem laseris* is an old story; and we see how it is possible to sympathize with Mr. EDMUND'S burning indignation against the innocent confidence that man will put in man. This is all that is memorable about Mr. LEONARD EDMUND'S, and those who are curious in what are called psycho-

logical monsters will wade through, and perhaps remember, the tedious history of this person's defalcations, the biography and banking-books of his partners in what may be regarded as a lay form of simony, and, above all, the amazing view of a Government office which his career illustrates.

But the main interest of the "EDMUND'S Inquiry" centres in another quarter. While critics have been divided in opinion as to the real hero of *Paradise Lost*, the authorities generally give this honour to SATAN; but if there is a literary controversy as to the poetical centre of MILTON's poem, there is no doubt that popular interest assigns to the LORD CHANCELLOR that place in the divine epic of the day which MILTON gives to the Devil. It will be very satisfactory, not only to Lord WESTBURY's many friends, but to society generally, to find that, by a majority of one, the Committee of the Lords have pronounced that though, in their judgment, the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR's view of his official duty in connexion with this EDMUND'S affair was one in which they could not concur, still it was not influenced by unworthy or unbecoming motives. This being the judgment of the House of Lords, it is not to be questioned. Just as General Councils are said to be moved by the Holy Ghost, which profane people say means the odd man, so the deliberate judgment of six peers against five—the six being the CHANCELLOR's political, we will not say personal, friends, and all of them his own official colleagues past and present, and the five being his political opponents—is not to be questioned for a moment. To be sure, the acquittal of the CHANCELLOR does not amount to much. He had a public duty laid upon him, and as to the way in which he discharged that public duty the Committee and the CHANCELLOR take opposite views. It was "incumbent on the CHANCELLOR to have apprised Parliament of the circumstances under which Mr. EDMUND'S had resigned." These circumstances were not only that Mr. EDMUND'S was proved to have appropriated large sums of money, some of which he had repaid, but that at the very moment when, by the CHANCELLOR's connivance, a pension for good service had been awarded him, he was still charged with large pecuniary defalcations. That is to say, the CHANCELLOR, on his own authority, withheld from the House information which it was not only important—indeed essential to its own honour—that the House should have, but the suppression of which entailed a pecuniary reward from a grateful country to a gentleman who had been kind enough for years to appropriate to his own use the public income. Still, as the Committee say, though the CHANCELLOR did all this, he did not do it from any unworthy or unbecoming motives. People will perhaps say that a judicial Committee had better do as we poor journalists are obliged to do—that is, confine themselves to facts, and say as little as possible about what they can know nothing whatever about—other people's motives. Motives are known to God and a man's own conscience. Facts are all that judges and juries can deal with. Among the facts brought before the Committee are these—that upon a promise given, or an understanding assented to, by Lord WESTBURY, that Mr. EDMUND'S should by a certain hour resign a certain official post, then Mr. EDMUND'S defalcations would not be mentioned to the House, and in the matter of his pension the CHANCELLOR "would throw no obstacle in the way." And further, among the facts not brought before the Committee was the curious and perhaps irrelevant one, that the place vacated by Mr. EDMUND'S was instantly filled up by the son of the CHANCELLOR himself; a fact to which, when committing themselves to the investigation of motives, the Committee might perhaps have attached some weight.

For ourselves, we are disposed to go further than the Committee. The Lords are not prepared to assign unworthy or unbecoming motives to the CHANCELLOR. We go further, and boldly pronounce that he was actuated throughout by worthy and becoming motives—motives worthy of, and becoming to a true Christian man. And when we speak of what is worthy and becoming a Christian, we take Christian virtues as illustrated and analysed by an eminent Christian divine. It is now nearly six years ago that Sir RICHARD BETHELL delivered a lecture on the "Objects and Advantages of Christianity" to the Wolverhampton Young Men's Christian Institute. With that deep and searching familiarity with his subject which the practical expositor of Scripture draws from his own experimental knowledge, Sir RICHARD laid it down as his own conviction that the essence of Christianity consists in its usefulness as an instrument of worldly advancement, and that "the principle of 'love is one of the best and most sure modes of securing 'even temporal success in life." It is a comfort to find that what the ATTORNEY-GENERAL taught the CHANCELLOR

has not forgotten to practise. "Looking back on his own life," at Wolverhampton in October, 1859, Sir RICHARD was disposed "to ascribe the greater part of the success he had met with to "the favour produced when he had it in his power to confer "any advantage or kindness on others." That is to say, a life of charity and peace, long happy days of goodwill towards all men, a heart guileless, void of offence, and exuberant only in practical deeds of love, a tongue mild and courteous, a temper placable, gentle, and easy to be entreated—this was what Sir RICHARD BETHELL knew to be his own life and character, and such charity was not only its own, but its owner's, great reward. The kindnesses he had showered on others had been poured sevenfold into his own bosom, and made him Attorney-General. A like consistent life of love has now made him Lord High Chancellor; and everybody can see that it was upon high Christian principle that Lord WESTBURY suppressed his knowledge of Mr. EDMUND'S defalcations. Ever anxious to confer an advantage or a kindness on others, it was only out of Christian love to Mr. EDMUND'S that he was silent. Besides, there was every reason for the CHANCELLOR to have an especial tenderness towards Mr. EDMUND'S. According to the Bethellian exegesis of the Gospel, "Christianity, above all religions that ever existed, is fitted "to ensure success in life." That is, according to this view of the Religion of the Cross—Show me a successful man and I'll show you a religious man, a true Christian. Now, we do not mean to hint that Lord WESTBURY's success in life, and his consequent Christianity, are precisely equivalent to Mr. EDMUND'S success in life and his consequent Christianity. But we do say that they are both successful men, and therefore, as viewed by the Gospel according to BETHELL, both must be good Christians. Now saints are bound to have especial love and charity towards their brother saints. This will account for something of the CHANCELLOR's goodwill towards Mr. EDMUND'S. It was not that particular form of evangelical charity which exhibits itself in the forgiveness of notorious sinners that Lord WESTBURY displayed; and it was not because Mr. EDMUND'S was in the habit of being just a few thousand pounds wrong with the Exchequer that the CHANCELLOR's bowels so yearned towards the late Clerk of the Patents. It was because they were united by the bond of being sharers in a common success, and therefore, *vi termini*, in a common Christianity. For Mr. EDMUND'S was a successful man. For thirty long years he made a fortune out of a salary which began upon nothing, with the privilege of keeping a public office out of that nothing, and for thirty long years he maintained a good name, as well as made a good income. To be sure, he has come to grief at last; but, as Lord WESTBURY we dare say often feels, we can call no man happy before his death. Lord WESTBURY's pitcher has gone often to the well, and has always come back well filled. Solicitor, Attorney, Chancellor, sons and sons-in-law and brothers-in-law and fathers-in-law, and BETHELLS in every generation and to the utmost limits of affinity, fill the land like a goodly cedar-tree. If these are not practical proofs that godliness has not only the promise but the very substantial performance of the world that now is, why then the Christianity of BETHELL is a dream and a mockery. Christianity is not only "fitted" but proved "to ensure success in life." And even if the CHANCELLOR should come, not like CRUCIS to the scaffold, or like BACON to disgrace, but like EDMUND'S to rebuke the world for its inability to understand the highest virtues, why then even the CHANCELLOR can say—"Vixi. I have not "lost my life. Here is my Christianity, and here are its proofs—"a peerage, pension, and places for my posterity." This is, we believe, the true story of the CHANCELLOR's "motives." His real actuating motive was, to use his own pious language, "the great principle of Christian conduct—namely, the principle of love and mutual affection." Love is the CHANCELLOR's distinguishing grace; love, not only to all the world, but especially to those that are of the household of faith. With this pervading and engrossing grace of character consuming him, we have seen why the CHANCELLOR so especially sympathized with Mr. EDMUND'S. This high Christian principle accounts for the love so abundantly bestowed on those of his own house; and also for that love and care of his own interests which is sometimes observed in those who, like Lord WESTBURY, believe that Christianity is pre-eminently "fitted to ensure success in life," and which unbelievers call rapacity and self-seeking. For is it not a Christian duty to love your neighbour as yourself? and who is so much a man's neighbour—that is, so near to him—as himself?

ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH AMERICA.

THE universal expressions of sincere regret for the death of Mr. LINCOLN, and of indignation against his murderer, are necessary to satisfy the consciences of Englishmen, and possibly they may conciliate American feeling. It is not surprising that strong partisans of the North should have profited by the occasion to proclaim or assert the triumph of their own principles. As Mr. LINCOLN fell by the hand of an assassin in the very moment of success, he naturally becomes the symbol as well as the martyr of his cause. Having risen before the eyes of the world from obscurity to greatness, he is, by an easy fallacy, supposed to have been harshly underrated, because he was not appreciated before he was known. The proof of his high qualities consisted in the recognition which he gradually earned in spite of prejudice, or of the unavoidable ignorance of strangers. Unfriendly or neutral observers in England were first impressed in his favour by a reticence which can scarcely be regarded as an American virtue. Mr. LINCOLN'S homely jests and parables were especially valuable as substitutes for ordinary rhetorical declamation. From the beginning of the war to the close of his life he never vituperated the South, nor is it known that he uttered a menace against any foreign Government. His countrymen seem to have respected his exceptional prudence, especially as they felt that, in all his attachments and feelings, Mr. LINCOLN was essentially one of themselves. As Mr. ADAMS justly observed at the American meeting on Monday, he represented the nation the more truly because he always took care rather to follow than to excite a popular impulse. The exclusive advocates of Emancipation do some injustice to his character when they claim Mr. LINCOLN as an organ and leader of their cause. He hated slavery, but he felt that his first duty was to the Union, as his successor prefers the same object of allegiance, although the maintenance of slavery had formerly been his chief political object. In his last inaugural speech Mr. LINCOLN rose above the narrowness of a merely sectional politician. In characteristically religious language, he expressed the well-founded conviction that both belligerents, or perhaps their predecessors, were virtually responsible for a conflict arising from the existence of an unnatural institution. The clemency which he was prepared to extend to the defeated party was dictated by a sense of justice, and not by any sentimental weakness. He probably felt that a great civil war must have been caused by motives and circumstances too complicated to correspond with the simple and ready definition of a crime. When the evil of slavery was abolished, he hoped that the passions of its opponents and supporters might also disappear. The intimate connexion of wisdom with goodness of disposition has seldom been more forcibly illustrated.

After making allowance for the necessary obliquities of party feeling, there is little to find fault with in the speeches which have been made at various public meetings. It is perfectly clear that the Federal cause is neither better nor worse because the President of the UNITED STATES has been foully murdered, but it would have been strange if the enthusiastic friends of the North had not profited by the accidental sympathy of the country and the civilized world. Professions of goodwill to the Union were less objectionable, because there is reason to suppose that the war is nearly over. Two or three years ago, aspirations for the success of one belligerent implied gratuitous hostility to the other, but it now seems to be equally the interest of all parties to terminate an unequal contest. The chief objection to the anti-slavery or democratic speeches with which the occasion has been improved consists in their tendency to disturb the real or apparent unanimity of the whole English nation. A better mode of expressing the common feeling is provided by the addresses or resolutions of corporations and of public bodies which represent different political opinions. In one large town, a dissident who foolishly and culpably expressed satisfaction at the death of the PRESIDENT is said to have been summarily ejected from the building by a Southern partisan. The story may perhaps not be literally true, but it symbolizes the real opinion and feeling of the country. The innumerable movers of resolutions and their associated orators have done the fullest justice to their subject when they have abstained from political discussion, and from all but personal eulogy of the victim of assassination. It is not because Mr. LINCOLN held this opinion or that, but because he was an upright statesman occupying an extraordinarily conspicuous position, that all men shudder at the crime of the murderer. It is perhaps permissible to combine condemnation of a great crime with

expressions of general goodwill to the United States, although there is an obvious risk of misconstruction on one side, and of a compromise of dignity on the other.

It was right that both Houses of Parliament should vote addresses to the CROWN on so extraordinary an occasion, and Lord DERBY seems to have been mistaken in raising a technical objection to the form of proceeding which was adopted. As Parliament has no external relations, there would have been a difficulty in communicating formal resolutions to the American Government. The SPEAKER and the LORD CHANCELLOR have no means of addressing foreign Ministers, and it would scarcely have been thought satisfactory that Mr. ADAMS or the PRESIDENT should derive their knowledge of the votes of the Houses from a newspaper report. The Crown had already addressed suitable despatches to its representative at Washington, and it can with perfect propriety announce the concurrence of Parliament in the regret and indignation of the Government. It may be hoped that the people of the United States will be gratified by a compliment which is at the same time unusual and sincere; but it must be confessed that, with one exception, the speeches of the movers and seconders added little to the value of the resolutions. There appear to be only two leading politicians who possess the peculiar tact which is required for the due performance of ceremonial solemnities. Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. DISRAELI say with apparently unconscious ease, or in measured and conventional language, precisely what the House may be supposed to think, without any admixture of disputable matter. Condemnation of the assassin's crime, personal respect for the memory of Mr. LINCOLN, and courteous regard towards his country and his successor, might have been expressed in suitably rhetorical periods without the risk of domestic or foreign criticism. Lord PALMERSTON's unequalled command of skilful commonplace was unluckily not available, and of those who were present Mr. DISRAELI alone understood the occasion. The artificial character of his elaborate sentences was adapted with perfect fitness to a funeral pageant. As in his tribute to the memory of Mr. COBBEN, he confined himself to large and general reflections, while he abstained from pledging his party or himself to any political or disputable proposition. Sir GEORGE GREY was perhaps more thoroughly in earnest, but artistic completeness would have been more desirable than feeling which in one instance degenerated into partisanship. It was unfortunate that the unanimity of the House of Commons should be disturbed by an unnecessary assertion that the majority of the people of England is on the side of the North. The dissentients might justly complain of an abuse of their cordial concurrence in the proposed Address. The ground of Parliamentary action was narrowed when Federal sympathies were alleged as secondary motives for abhorrence of an infamous murder.

Lord RUSSELL's speech was better balanced than Sir GEORGE GREY's, but it was also less eloquent and less graceful. It was impossible for an orator to be colder in dealing with a topic which naturally suggested expressions of anger and of sorrow. It was not surprising that Lord RUSSELL should remember the difficulties which beset the relations of England and the United States, but the death of the PRESIDENT was an event apart from the perplexities and distractions of diplomacy. Americans will probably be disappointed by Lord RUSSELL's critical reserve, and they will certainly be irritated by Lord DERBY's unaccountable rashness. If Sir GEORGE GREY committed an oversight in avowing partiality for the North, it was far more inexcusable to take such an opportunity for vindicating and eulogizing the South. There is no reason for imputing the guilt of the murder to the leaders of the Confederacy, but a belief in their innocence might have been expressed without any irrelevant reference to the gallantry of their struggle or the alleged goodness of their cause. It appeared to be Lord DERBY's sole object to guard himself against the suspicion of political goodwill to the community which was to receive the condolence of the House of Lords. In his careful avoidance of the proper subject of discussion, he stumbled on an error which can only be attributed to strange inadvertence. To the astonishment of his audience, the first orator in the House of Lords gravely adopted the paradox that a blunder is worse than a crime. The Confederates, according to Lord DERBY, would have been to blame if they had murdered Mr. LINCOLN, not because assassination is an outrage on humanity, but because a lenient and moderate President would have afforded them easy terms of peace. It is evident that Lord DERBY meant nothing of the kind, but his words admitted of no other meaning. The whole of his speech would, if his proposition had been true, have been worse than a crime. It

is at least a fault for the leader of a dignified assembly not to express with dignity and propriety the sentiments of which he is the organ.

SECURITIES TO THE CHURCH.

THE best friends of the Church, we are often told, are its enemies. Only let a tolerable pretext for the old slogan "the Church in danger" be raised, and its secular privileges are provided with a new lease of life. If threatened men live long, it must be because there is some stimulating and life-giving virtue in threats. And in this sense it has often been said that the Liberation Society has done more service to the Established Church than all the virtues of its bishops and all the zeal of its priests. If, as we are told by those profound inquirers who see further into a millstone than their neighbours, there is always a spirit of Jesuitry at work in ecclesiastical persons, it seems to follow that Mr. HADFIELD, and Mr. T. B. POTTER, and the expatriated Dr. FORSTER, may after all be very earnest Churchmen in disguise, and that the *soirée* lately held under the familiar presidency of Mr. MIAUL is only a form of a great Church Conference. Undoubtedly the defeat of Lord Houghron's Bill is due to the existence of the Liberation Society. In favour of retaining the Declaration at present required as a qualification for offices there is not a word to be said. The Declaration labours under every vice which attends subscription to abstract propositions, and it fails as a practical measure as completely as it blunders in moral respects. In England, the last thing that is announced in legislation is a principle. Our rule, and it is an odd one, is to retain in theory the old principle, while, by successive and gradual enactments, we introduce its exact opposite. The old principle, in this matter, was the identity of Church and State; the new legislation at the era of the Revolution was directly opposed to this old theory. But this opposition, this fatal and active antagonism, was never openly avowed. Dissenters were only relieved from penalties. They had, it is true, acquired perfect theoretical equality with Churchmen, but it was not thought convenient to admit this. The old pre-eminence and authority of the Church was not only not surrendered, but, by a fiction which it suited nobody's purpose to dispel, it was still continued. And what occurred in 1688 has been the rule of legislation ever since. At the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in 1828, the same delusion was repeated, and again in passing the Catholic Emancipation Bill. The substance was again and again surrendered, but the shadow of protection, the mockery of Church and State identity, was scrupulously maintained. Securities were carefully provided for the integrity and supremacy of the Church as by law established. The history of those securities is curious. In most cases they were insisted upon merely as a salve to the consciences of those who had thought fit to change their opinions, or they were devised as mere tubs to throw out to the whale of popular orthodoxy. On the passing of the Emancipation Bill, not only statesmen, but Churchmen, were content to relieve their fellow-subjects because the Bill provided such ample securities for the Church. This had been the language of PITT and GRENVILLE, and it was notably that of PEEL. And yet, whatever may be said of the political honesty of a mind which could pretend to be satisfied with the Declaration of 1828 as a real or substantial security for the Church, it is impossible to imagine that such men as PEEL and WELLINGTON could really believe in its efficacy and permanence. The fact is, they knew very well that the time had come for carrying out the principles of 1688, and they invented the soft pillow of securities to break their fall, and to save their consistency. All that is now proposed is to abolish this sham.

Let us see exactly what it is, and what it comes to. Anybody admitted to office must declare that he has no intention of using his official powers so as to injure the Church as by law established. On the face of it, the Declaration has no meaning, for it is quite open to anybody who makes it to say that he not only does not intend to injure the Church, but hopes to benefit its real and highest interests by cutting down or cutting off its secular and worldly circumstances. There is not a word in the Declaration which may not be understood ambiguously. What is to "injure"? Who is to be the judge whether any given measure is injurious or strengthening? Lord DERBY himself once professed to think, and probably did think with entire honesty, that to suppress half the bishoprics of a Church was the best mode of saving or extending its influence. He also believed, or asserted, that

to emancipate the Roman Catholics was only to infuse new blood into the Church. But a great many people thought then, and there may be some who go mauldering on still, that these two measures were successive steps in national apostacy. Nothing is more common in these days than to witness the odd spectacle of the very same measure—the abolition of Church Rates for example—being supported both by the bitterest enemies and by the most undoubted friends of the Church, as being at one and the same time the utter destruction and also the complete and only salvation of the Church. High Churchmen are about equally divided in opinion whether the separation of Church and State would be a loss or gain to the Church. And if this difference of judgment on what may be beneficial or harmful to the interests of the spiritual body passes unchallenged among ecclesiastics, a great latitude of choice is surely open to laymen in deciding what may or may not be an injury to its temporal condition. But even if the Declaration had, which it has not, any moral obligation, it would still be open to the fatal objection that it constitutes an offence against which there is no penalty. We do not say that O'CONNELL did not take the "Security" Declaration with entire good faith; nor do we argue that it is impossible to reconcile some sort of honest subscription to it with what is in other quarters openly avowed—namely, the conviction that the Irish Church is a great political wrong and ought to be immediately abolished. But even if it were proved, not in *foro conscientiae* alone, but in a court of law, that in making the statutory declaration, and at the very same time proposing a measure for the instant abolition of the Irish Church, any given Irish member was violating the Act, how is he to be punished? A law which in every Session for nearly forty years has been flagrantly, and without any punishment, violated, is scarcely worth retaining; and while honourable men can apparently set it at open defiance without any feeling of personal compunction, and without any loss of public confidence or private esteem, its moral force can be but slight. To be sure, the Declaration has its uses. It can always, in the last extremity of a platform orator's failing polemical powers, be resorted to as a convenient weapon of irritation and insult. It is always pleasant to have an imputation of perjury against your adversary accessible; and since the obligation of the Coronation Oath on the personal conscience of the SOVEREIGN has been consigned to the limbo of shams, the Declaration has a function in the great economy of things. Mr. WATERTON, and perhaps another Roman Catholic or two, have been found to recognise some obligation in it; but of late years its uses, even as a taunt, have become obsolete. When a scarecrow ceases to frighten even the most timid sparrow, it may as well be burnt.

Lord DERBY, to do him justice, does not rate the value or significance of the Declaration high. He esteems it as not worth the paper which it spoils, viewed as a safeguard of the Church. We are therefore led to conjecture what can be its utility in his estimation. Either he must desire its continuance for its irritating qualities and its possible services as a weapon of offence in the hands of bigotry and folly, or he would retain it for its quaint and archaeological value. The dodo was not a handsome, and probably not a useful, bird; but a single specimen would be inestimable in a museum. So the Declaration is, we suppose, to be preserved as an authenticated and venerable specimen of the wisdom of our forefathers. To this view there is little to object; and there is as much to be said for this antiquarian estimate of the subject as there is for the pedantic love of uniformity and consistency maintained by Lord Houghton. Variety is agreeable; a good, staring, well-preserved absurdity and mockery breaks not unpleasantly the monotony of good sense. And if the Church of England chooses to identify itself with the last of the shams, it is the affair of the Church and its champions. Not that the Church in this matter can lay claim to be the only body which does not understand its own interests. The Liberation Society plays an admirable second in the rivalry of folly. It is perhaps hardly too much to say that if this pleasant institution had never been founded, and had never fallen into talk and print, the last fictions of intolerance and persecution had long since been erased from the Statute Book. This very Declaration is retained only because the Liberation Society have blown the trumpet against it. Lord DERBY avowed this. He did not value the Declaration a straw; but its abandonment would be "a significant blow," and an opening of the flood-gates, and all the rest of it. As if there had not been blows, not only twice as significant, but ten thousand times as heavy, already dealt on the Church, which

blows somehow have been survived; and as though the flood-gates of final destruction and ruin had not been open for little short of two centuries. But Lord DERBY is wise enough to know that when the Liberation Society is candid, or foolish, enough to declare that Church questions of this sort are to be made hustings' cries, there are two who can play at this game. And when it comes to be plainly known that the two cries "The Church in danger," and "Hurrah for MIAU and the Liberation Society," are to be openly pitted at the coming elections, we are not prepared to say that Lord DERBY will not have the best of it. And all this comes of the ingenuous way in which the Liberation Society takes the public into its confidence, and boasts both of its successes and its anticipated triumphs. Some successes Mr. MIAU's association has undoubtedly achieved. The Liberation Society has, by the defeat of Lord Houghton's Bill, preserved for a little longer lingering life a monument of folly and pusillanimity. It has driven the Legislature to renew the humbling confession of its own conscious insecurity, and of its own lack of confidence in itself to remove a stigma of weakness and moral timidity; and at the same time, although it may also have succeeded in making the Church of England a sharer, and apparently an instigator, of this national disgrace, it has won this victory at the perilous price of making even more patent than before its own unpopularity.

THE EMPEROR IN ALGERIA.

IF the Emperor of the FRENCH likes to be talked about, he has abundant opportunities of gratifying his taste. There would seem to be nothing extraordinary in the visit of an active Sovereign to an important dependency within an accessible distance, if it were not supposed that the EMPEROR meditates the introduction of a new and startling policy of government for Algeria. According to a rumour which is probably exaggerated, he has been with difficulty dissuaded from a project of establishing ABD-EL-KADER as Viceroy or chieftain of the native Mahometan population. It is possible that the tributary kings who acknowledged the supremacy of Rome may have suggested a fanciful imitation of the old Imperial system, and in India the maintenance of subordinate principalities has always been one form of reconciling local rights and prejudices with the paramount authority of the supreme Government. It is said that the EMPEROR's scheme was opposed with unusual energy by his advisers, and that he has been induced for the present to renounce or postpone it; but it is not forgotten that, on a former occasion, he proclaimed himself Emperor of the ARABS, and probably his visit is intended to prepare the way for considerable administrative changes. The institution of a separate Government for the natives, under an indigenous ruler, would be highly unpopular in France. The national passion for symmetrical uniformity would be thwarted, at the same time that a conquered territory would seem to be partially surrendered. Although attempts at colonization have been only partially successful, a subject country within two days' sail of the shores of Provence appears to provide an obvious mode of territorial expansion in a climate which differs little from that of Southern Europe. The French are less sensitive than the English to differences of race and religion, and they have consequently greater aptitude for amalgamation with alien populations. If they scarcely hope to convert the Arabs and Berbers, they are willing to tolerate their religious heresies on condition of their acquiescence in the salutary domination of Prefects and civilized policemen. One of their popular writers a few years ago advised that the allegiance of the African provinces should be secured by a public declaration that the French Government and people, having abandoned the distinctive tenets of Christianity, might be virtually regarded as orthodox Mussulmans. There would, however, be some inconsistency in a simultaneous claim to the protectorate of Latin Christianity in the East, and there can be no doubt that M. MICHELET's enthusiastic patriotism outran in this instance the sympathies of his countrymen. The black heathens who form from time to time a part of the garrison of Paris furnish much interest and harmless amusement to the idlers of the capital, but public opinion would be shocked by an announcement that the Turcos and their co-religionists were henceforth to be dominant in Algeria. The Zouaves have borrowed their name and their dress from a native tribe, but they are themselves genuine Frenchmen, even when they are not scrupulously orthodox. The occasional revolts which diversify Algerian history are perhaps not considered unmixed evils, as they provide the army in time of peace with opportunities of training, and even with a

certain amount of military glory. As the French arms are uniformly successful, no fear of possible reverses disturbs the general complacency in the suppression of petty rebellions. It may also be plausibly argued that the institution of a native Government would provide a centre of resistance.

The conquest of Algiers was a legitimate enterprise, as the Turkish Deyas had long since forfeited, by their troublesome barbarism, the unsatisfactory title by which they held their dominions. French interests would perhaps have been best consulted by the mere occupation of the capital, and of certain maritime districts; but collisions with the native tribes rendered an extension of the French dominions natural, and possibly indispensable. In the course of five-and-thirty years a considerable territory has been reduced to subjection, and the outlying tribes, although they may cause occasional annoyance, are wholly incapable of shaking the main fabric of French power. If the EMPEROR really wishes to institute a new system of colonial government, he can scarcely be influenced by fear of danger, and he is not in the habit of shrinking from expense. It would, of course, be impossible to subject French settlers to a native Government, and the powers of a native satrap even over his own people would require close restriction. Yet there may be something attractive in the vision of a new and separate race flourishing, according to its own natural organization, in subordination to the Imperial power. It is the privilege or the misfortune of absolute and irresponsible rulers to indulge in picturesque dreams and fanciful experiments which no eloquence could recommend to a free community or a deliberative Assembly. As M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL once explained in a witty apologue, the peculiarity of the Emperor NAPOLEON's policy is not so much that it is sometimes strange and unexpected as that the country is never consulted beforehand. It would have been impossible to create a party in France which would have approved of the Mexican enterprise, but the war and the establishment of the new Imperial throne provoked little surprise and no public criticism. The objection to fundamental innovations in Algeria would probably be stronger; but the curiosity which has been excited by the EMPEROR's visit implies future acquiescence in any change which may be effected by the Imperial will. The willingness of the Mahometan population to receive a ruler of its own faith may perhaps be safely assumed. It is true that ABD-EL-KADER has no hereditary claim to allegiance, but his fame as a prophet and leader has probably survived his defeat and his lengthened exile. If, like the Maori King in New Zealand, he attempted to achieve actual independence, the French armies would have little difficulty in restoring the supremacy of their Government. The EMIR himself is advanced in years, and it would not be easy to find a competent successor.

No general rule can be laid down for the government of alien dependencies. A civilized and vigorous Government generally consults the material interests of its subjects most effectually by exercising direct authority; but in India it is found that native rule is most popular, when it is administered without intolerable injustice and incapacity. During the reaction which has followed Lord DALHOUSIE's viceroyalty, the supreme Government has, as far as possible, acknowledged native titles to large and small principalities. As the advocates of the present system forcibly argue, it is easier to deal with a prince and half a dozen courtiers than with two or three millions of warlike or disaffected inhabitants; and it is convenient that misgovernment should be imputed to a protected ruler rather than to European officials. Before Lord DALHOUSIE's time, the opposite theory had been widely adopted, on the ground that some guarantee for good administration was due to the subject in exchange for the inherent right of rebellion which was practically abrogated by an irresistible protectorate. It is not unlikely that the policy of the Indian Government will be affected by future oscillations of opinion, and ultimately each separate case will perhaps be decided on its own special merits. The Emperor NAPOLEON may be supposed to have studied Indian precedents, although he has only a single province to which his ultimate policy can apply. He will not be troubled by newspaper articles on the part of discontented Arabs, nor would ABD-EL-KADER, if he were invested with local power, maintain, like an Indian prince, one or two pensioned pamphleteers.

It can scarcely be doubted that hereafter the authority of France or of other European Powers will extend over the whole temperate region of Northern Africa. The country which once formed a prosperous part of the Roman Empire ought to be reclaimed to civilization, and the native occupants appear to be incapable of any considerable improvement. The Arabs and the pastoral tribes between the sea and the desert must

either adopt the customs of a superior race or retire from an unequal contest. It is said that, in the interior of the Continent, the Mahometan traders are converting the negro tribes with extraordinary energy and success, but, for some unexplained reason, the faith of ISLAM in modern times seems to be incompatible with high moral and intellectual elevation. The establishment of a Mahometan nation in Algeria may be condemned as a chimerical project, if it has been seriously entertained by the Emperor NAPOLEON. The Arabs are not likely to become Christians, and therefore they must submit to a condition of permanent inferiority, and to probable decay and expropriation. It is, after all, not impossible that the EMPEROR's visit to Algeria may simply indicate a desire for a change of scene, or a purpose of reforming some administrative details. A French sovereign of the present day can visit Algiers with less trouble than his predecessors would have incurred by travelling to Bayonne or Marseilles. It may be thought desirable to acquire an easy popularity with the colonists and the natives, and to provide Parisian politicians with a subject of conversation which is wholly unconnected with the Italian Convention and with the temporal and spiritual prospects of the POPE.

THE LAW OF PARTNERSHIP.

ENGLAND is a great commercial country, and nobody knows what the English law of partnership is. The House of Commons contains many wealthy commercial men, and they seem to think it essential to the interests of capital that nobody shall ever know the law under which he carries on his business. When the first struggle in favour of limited liability ended by giving the boon to companies, and refusing it to private persons who shared the profits of a business, the then existing law was perhaps as absurd as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL pronounces it to have been; but there was, or was believed to be, a rule which every one could know, and upon which all commercial arrangements might be based. The most ridiculous maxims, if well established, are better than none, but on the disputed points which were discussed so keenly on Monday night it is not too much to say that there are now no recognised rules at all. The transition which has been going on in this department of law is only what is often observed as the consequence of an unfortunate dictum by an eminent judge. The notion that every one who shares the profits of a trade shall be bound to devote his whole property to making good the losses has an air of seeming equity about it which accounts for its having been laid down by some of the most distinguished of English judges, and more or less reluctantly followed for half a century. But the rule had scarcely been propounded before it was seen that it could not be logically carried out without working the grossest injustice. Almost before the doctrine itself was settled, Lord ELDON, who was among its stoutest supporters, had to consider the case where the remuneration of a clerk or servant is made to depend on the profits of his employer. Nothing can be more laudable than such an arrangement. It works well for both parties, and is daily growing more into favour alike with private firms and with large companies. But, according to the old rule, a clerk who takes a share of profits must give up all the savings of his life if his employer happens to fail. Nothing could be more pitiable than the embarrassment into which Lord ELDON was thrown between his desire to maintain the rule that sharing profits makes a man a partner, and his anxiety to escape the iniquitous consequence which inevitably flowed from it. At last he did find an excuse for making a distinction where no distinction existed, and it is not recorded that that learned lord laughed in his sleeve when he solemnly pronounced that a man whose remuneration was half the profits of a trade was a partner, but that one who stipulated for a sum equal to half the profits was not. It is not given to every one to impose such solemn nonsense as this on a sensible nation, but it is a fact that this wonderful dictum has almost ever since been treated with as much judicial and public respect as if it were not privately ridiculed by every lawyer and man of business who has been compelled to act upon it.

We can put up, in England, with anomalies and contradictions that would drive Frenchmen mad; and Lord ELDON's wonderful discrimination between a share of profits and its equivalent was in a fair way of becoming respectable by antiquity when another monstrous result from the same old rule of partnership compelled the House of Lords to inflict a still heavier blow upon it. A great manufacturing concern failed, and, by the terms of a composition deed, it was arranged that the business should be carried on by trustees, who were to divide the profits rateably among the creditors

until all their debts were paid. That every creditor was a partner was an inevitable inference from the rule as to sharing profits; but the House of Lords saw that it really would not do to be so logical as this, and they accordingly absolved the creditors from all partnership liability. But it was found impossible to do this without impugning the rule which makes the reception of profits a conclusive test of partnership, though the law lords had not the courage to repudiate distinctly the old authorities which had done all the mischief. Instead of that, they said that men were partners when they constituted each other mutual agents in business, and that it depended on circumstances whether such agency was to be inferred from the mere fact of participation in profits. The effect of this decision is, that a judicious lawyer, if asked whether taking a share of profits does or does not make a man a partner, always replies that it may do so or may not; that probably it would do so before Mr. Justice A., and perhaps would not do so in the Court of Vice-Chancellor B.; and that, in short, no one can say whether a person so situated would be a partner or not. This is the state of the law which Mr. MILNER GIBSON proposes to amend, and which Mr. HUBBARD and Mr. BARING insist on maintaining in all its unique absurdity. It is manifest that the law cannot remain in its present obscurity and confusion, and the only question for a legislator is, whether he ought to restore, in all its native rigour, the rule which was too strong for the stomach of Lord ELTON and the practical sense of the House of Lords, or to take the opposite course and abolish a doctrine which it has been found necessary continually to undermine since the time when it was first built up on the foundation of an unlucky dictum.

The arguments on either side, though somewhat prolonged in the debate by illustration and repetition, may be reduced to very small compass. In the first place, says Mr. GIBSON, there is no earthly reason for any rule of the kind. Let a man be deemed a partner when he agrees to be a partner, or holds himself out as a partner, but not otherwise. Why should one person, who finds capital for another person's business, be a partner if he takes a fluctuating rate of interest, and not a partner if he takes a fixed rate, however high? As a matter of principle, no answer was given, or could be given, to this question. It would be an intelligible law (however preposterous) to say that every one who supplies a man with funds, and draws the life out of his business, either in the shape of interest or under the name of a share of profits, shall be held liable for the debts of a concern from which he probably derives a much larger annual income than the struggling trader who alone is known to the world. But to go this length would be impossible, and to apply such a doctrine when the return for the advance is in one shape, and not when it is in another, is just one of those singular proposals which no one would ever have dreamed of making if this distorted bit of law had not, by a freak of nature, somehow grown up of itself. As the crooked branch is pretty nearly withered and dead, it would be a strange waste of power to infuse into it a fresh supply of legislative sap. Every one who has any regard for the symmetry and principle of the law must desire to see this anomalous and almost obsolete offshoot fairly cut off by the trenchant clauses of Mr. GIBSON's Bill.

To do the opponents of the measure justice, they are not much troubled by the theoretical inconsistency and practical uncertainty of the present law. The proposed modification of commercial doctrines, like many others which have preceded it, does promise to smooth the path of trade for men of limited means. This is precisely what the great men of capital cannot endure. The cry on all these occasions is the same. "There is plenty of capital, plenty of competition, "enough, or more than enough, of trade in the hands of real "substantial men, except where now and then the substance "proves a counterfeit, as in the case of the long-insolvent "partners in the Birmingham Bank. Under these circumstances, why should the way be made easy for small men to "enter into the magic circle where everything turns to gold? "Let your great capitalists be the traders, and let the little "men be content to fill subordinate posts. We have at present a rule of law, or the remains of a rule of law, which "does to some extent shut out these miserable impostors, who "have not money enough of their own to carry on trade "without extraneous support. If we cannot make the "bars stronger, at least let us keep every barrier that we "have; and whether the law be unsound or inconsistent "matters little, if only it tends to confine trade more "and more to the circle of those who have as much capital "of their own as their transactions require. Some such "restriction is essential to the security of British com-

"merce and the well-being of men of substance." A number of terrible warnings are uttered in this spirit, all apparently based on the assumption that every man who has little or no capital is a rogue, and that he will have no difficulty in finding a capitalist of congenial temper with whom to make a league for the destruction of the unwary. The method suggested by Mr. PEEL, in his speech against the Bill, is very neat. A capitalist wishes to embark in a speculative trade, and accordingly he sets up a mere agent or man of straw to be the nominal trader, while he himself finds the money, puts the concern in credit, and takes the lion's share of the profits as long as all goes well. Presently, perhaps, profits turn to losses, and on the instant the hidden capitalist withdraws his money and his accumulated profits, the business collapses, the man of straw shrinks to his natural dimensions, and the creditors of course are robbed. Two rather obvious answers may suffice to allay the terror with which this picture of possible evils may be contemplated. In the first place, it is just as easy now as it would be after the passing of Mr. GIBSON's Bill for a capitalist to supply a trader with money, to draw in the shape of interest, discount, and commission, all and more than all his profits, and suddenly to stop the concern at his own will and pleasure, and leave only loss for every one but himself. Nay, more; if some portion of his capital should still remain in the business, he would come in *pari passu* with the other creditors, to prove against the estate which he himself had reduced to ruin—a privilege from which Mr. GIBSON's Bill would debar him.

The best practical refutation, however, of such arguments as those adduced against the Bill is that given by Mr. GÖSCHEN, who, as might have been anticipated, is too clear-sighted to be misled by the prevalent commercial prejudices. Men are not all rogues, and, even if it could be done with safety, the suggested conspiracy between the capitalist and the man of straw would scarcely be the ordinary course of business. But, in truth, the pleasant arrangements which Mr. PEEL and others pictured could not be carried out without vastly more risk than would be involved by legitimate business. Mr. PEEL takes it for granted that a rich rogue may put his money in the hands of a poor rogue, and find it again whenever he chooses to call for it. Most capitalists, before attempting to plunder the world in collusion with an agent of a fraudulent turn of mind, would hesitate to place, say, 10,000*l.* at the disposal of their accomplice; and, if they did so, they might fail to get it back when the moment arrived for the pre-arranged bankruptcy. Upon the whole, it may be doubted whether honest trade would not pay better; and it is remarkable that not a single objection was urged against the proposed partnership reform which was not based on the hypothesis of systematic fraud. The debate, in fact, produced nothing more than the ghosts of fallacies which have been practically refuted by the success of the measures for giving limited liability to public companies, and the division affords satisfactory proof of the steady progress of opinion on the subject.

CHARACTER.

ONE of the common forms observable in the well-worn sentences which supply the raw material of advertisements of novels refers to the author's masterly delineation of character. When the critic wishes to be somewhat more profound, he generally adds, as a compliment, that the characters are not so much described in set terms as allowed to exhibit themselves in action. However much at random such criticisms may be put forth in particular cases, they certainly have some reference to a sound canon of criticism. A deliberate analysis of character is liable to palpable objections. It is always rash to proclaim how your pudding will turn out before it has been proved in the eating; for perhaps some of the ingredients upon which you most insist may entirely evaporate in the process of cooking. Again, such descriptions are apt to give an opening to the great bane of novels—the attempt to deduce a moral from the story. When an author introduces himself in his own person to say that his hero possessed such and such virtues, he is but one step from the impertinence of adding that his career illustrates certain great moral lessons. The tracts which prove that Sabbath-breakers will be drowned always begin by asserting that the victim was a bad little boy; if they allowed his actions to speak for him, they would find it much harder to establish their point.

There is, therefore, some reason for the prejudice which exists against the once fashionable plan of giving a list of your hero's qualities, followed by an inventory of his features. At best, it looks suspiciously like an attempt to shirk the labour of displaying them in action. It is, of course, easier to say that John Smith was an honest man than to construct a story to show off his honesty. And yet we suspect that it is rather the difficulty than the inartistic effect of drawing such portraits in language which

deters most writers from attempting them. Few feats of composition are more pleasing, when successfully performed, than the brilliant sketches of character struck out by some of the great masters of composition. The art of compressing a likeness into a few sentences, so as to give all the main outlines and at the same time to preserve all the minuter delicacies of shading, is doubtless hard to acquire. No passages, however, are more likely to pass into classical quotations than those in which such miniatures occur. Such, for example, are the characters of Hampden in Clarendon, or of Shaftesbury in Dryden, or of Addison in Pope, or of Charles Townshend in Burke's celebrated speech, and some of the exquisitely finished portraits in Goldsmith's *Retaliation*. Like the happy aphorisms into which pages of wisdom are sometimes compressed, they give you the concentrated essence of whole volumes of biography. Historical portraits have, of course, the merit that they imply a judgment formed upon a number of scattered facts, and are not drawn, like those of mere imagination, in order that the facts may be moulded in accordance with the theory. If, however, an imaginative writer were to conceive a description equal to any of those we have mentioned, and were afterwards to make his *Frankenstein* act as he ought to act, we should feel grateful to him for having summed up his conception in words. Such a description would give us a greater insight than we generally possess into his design.

It would, for example, be very unreasonable to complain that Hamlet's humour and melancholy and indecision are only to be inferred from his actions, and that Shakspere has given us no explicit theory of the qualities of which they were the outward manifestations. If, however, Shakspere were to begin rapping on one of our tables, there are few points on which we should be more anxious to question him. He would of necessity make some very interesting additions and corrections to our knowledge. Shaksporean critics, indeed, who resemble their Biblical brethren in more points than one, are always confident that their own interpretation is not only the right one, but that it is so obvious as to require some moral obliquity to miss it. From the wide divergence in their results we can only infer that several solutions are equally compatible with all the conditions of the problem. Thus it is possible to account for Hamlet's eccentricities by more than one theory as to his sanity. The fact that each critical sect denounces the stupidity of its rivals as energetically as if they differed about the meaning of a text in the Romans, shows to profane outsiders that, in this case at least, all sides may be equally right. Every one of Hamlet's actions may be explicable upon several hypotheses; the only question is, and it is a very interesting one, which hypothesis was present in Shakspere's mind at the time of composition. If he had cleared up this point by a distinct summary of Hamlet's character, he would incidentally have thrown light upon many other topics. We doubtless know Hamlet better than we know almost any other fictitious character, notwithstanding the difference of opinion on such an important matter as his sanity. But there are a good many points on which we are in complete darkness. Hamlet, for example, showed a singular want of decision of character; but it is difficult to say how far this infirmity may have penetrated his mental constitution. It generally rather unhinges a man's mind when his father's ghost requests him to kill his uncle. Supposing that Hamlet had been placed in circumstances where there was less room for speculation and more immediate demand for action, would he have shown an equal hesitation? If, for example, he had been President of the United States, would he have put aside his philosophy for a time till he had fought the South, or would he have decided that there was a great deal to be said on both sides, and have allowed his course to be determined by accident? We imagine that it would be possible to make out some case in favour of either hypothesis. Though he was a long time in yielding to the ghost's entreaties, they would hardly be producible evidence in a court of justice, and he took a tolerably decided course towards his uncle when it became at last necessary. Without discussing such an infinite question, we will only remark that the possibility of its being discussed shows that a character can, after all, be very imperfectly developed in action. There are whole sides even of Hamlet's character of which candid critics confess themselves in ignorance; within the limits of a play it is impossible to show off all a man's peculiarities, or even all his most important peculiarities. When we take characters drawn with less consummate skill, we generally feel that we have made little more acquaintance with them than we make in an afternoon with the beasts at the Zoological Gardens. We have only seen them in two or three pet attitudes, and can make no guess at their habits when at large.

It is true that a systematic description from within may not do much more than a mere external representation. The lists of faculties and passions of which a hero is made up are always defective, and sometimes contradictory. We have not yet attained the art of describing a man as an engineer describes a machine, so as to leave out no important spring or pulley. If phrenology had not broken down, we might have described a man by measuring the development of the bumps on his skull, with a certainty of omitting no important quality. We should have had to fill up a schedule much as we used formerly to fill up passports, with the length of a man's nose, the colour of his hair, and his various personal peculiarities. We should have had a formula for the hero of a story, just as we have now for a chemical combination, although there would be perhaps additional perplexity in making him act up to his character. How far we still remain from this desirable con-

summation may be inferred from the Johnsonian platitude about genius being great general power directed to a particular end, and from Mr. Carlyle's favourite doctrine that heroes in every department are made out of the same stuff. Both writers appear to imagine that the mind is a simple machine, like a gun, which only wants to be loaded with powder enough; if pointed in one direction, it will beat all the world in poetry, and if in another, in science or in strategy. Mr. Carlyle regrets the extreme blindness of the English nation in not making Burns Prime Minister because he could write admirable Scotch songs. The connexion of this theory with Mr. Carlyle's other theories is indeed obvious. He always speaks of mankind as divided into the huge mass who wander in complete mental darkness, taking all kinds of shams and phantasms for realities, and the few heroes who see things as they are by means of an insight into the eternal veracities. He thus produces a Rembrandt-like effect of a few brilliant points of light, standing out from a background of misty monotony; and, as in Rembrandt's pictures, the distinction of colour is almost lost in the strong contrast between light and shade. Although the subordinate figures are drawn with great spirit, they are all kept down to bring out the prominent heroes more decisively. There are scarcely any of those half-tones in which the contrast of mere colouring tells most decisively. The consequence is that Mr. Carlyle's heroes, whether poets, prophets, kings, or soldiers, have an overpowering likeness; they are all as white as paint can make them. The distinction between the children of light and the children of darkness is so important that it swallows up every other; and mankind might be all arranged along one scale, according to the amount of light which each happens to possess. There is, no doubt, a certain truth in this theory which helps to make it plausible. The faculties of the mind have not been accurately discriminated from each other, and they do not correspond to the different employments of life. There is not one special faculty enabling a lawyer to plead, and another enabling a clergyman to preach, like the instincts of beavers or spiders; there are powers of minds which are useful, though in very different degrees, in each of these employments, and which, if strongly developed, may so far fit a man for eminence in either. Nor, again, has the mind been so accurately observed that we can speak of its different faculties as confidently as of the bodily organs. Shakspere invented the mind's eye, but no one has yet talked about the mind's leg or the mind's arm, or, indeed, mapped out its powers with any approach to accuracy or completeness. Hence it is impossible to make any distinct appropriation of the intellectual faculties to the duties for which they are best adapted. It still lies entirely within the province of quackery to look at a boy's head and say that its configuration qualifies him to be an engineer or a missionary, and qualifies him for nothing else. Something of the same kind is true of mere physical excellences. A man who is a good cricketer, or a good oar, or a good boxer, is, as a rule, good for any other athletic sport. A quick eye, a deep chest, and well-made limbs are useful in nearly all employments. At the same time, it is equally true that almost every athlete is best adapted for some one particular calling. Very great muscular development generally implies a certain slowness, and fits a man for lifting weights, whilst it makes him worse at any trial of activity. If a runner is well built in certain respects, any extra muscle elsewhere merely gives him so much dead weight to carry. It would be simply impossible to discover a form combining the merits of an Apollo and a Hercules. The highest eminence in any trial of athletic skill is thus generally due to qualities which would disqualify a man for excellence of another kind. The champion wrestler could no more be the champion mile-runner than Sir Isaac Newton could have written *Paradise Lost*.

It would thus appear that to describe character with any accuracy will require a great advance in psychology. We must wait till an intellectual anatomy has revealed to us the purpose and mutual relations of our faculties. Mr. Bain has attempted to lay down in one of his works a general programme of the task to be accomplished; he has shown with great ingenuity how characters may be classified in some scientific order. Whenever the researches which he has begun shall be thoroughly carried out, novelists will be able to point to the genus and species of their characters as accurately as botanists now describe plants. A few formulæ, capable of almost mathematical precision, will supersede all elaborate descriptions; though the difficulty of working your hero when you have composed him will probably be rather increased than diminished. But when science begins to invade the province of romance, many unpleasant results may be expected to occur.

AN ULTRAMONTANE VIEW OF THE TEMPORAL POWER.

WE are so much accustomed in this country to consider the expulsion of the Pope from Rome as a thing desirable in itself, that we find it difficult to understand the grounds on which it is regarded by others as the concentration of all human iniquities. A letter in the *Tablet*, signed "E. R. Martin," and dated from Rome, throws some light on the subject, and is worth reading inasmuch as it introduces us to a state of mind which to the great mass of Englishmen is barely conceivable. Mr. Martin divides his letter (which is a very long one) into several distinct heads, which we will shortly follow.

The attack on the temporal power of the Pope is made by "the

revolution," and, if it succeeds, will produce the following results:—

1. The wholesale corruption of the Roman youth. This means "the utter rottenness of the State; the going to the Devil of whole generations; the dethroning of Jesus Christ, the dethroning of Mary, the setting up of the Devil as King of Rome and the Romans." The great object of "the revolution" is to corrupt the morals of the young, especially in regard to all sexual matters. "Make them sin; take what purity they have away from them; tell them they are fools to bridle their passions; the boys will all become revolutionists." In Florence, Leghorn, and Pisa, this is done already. "The walls of public places are scribbled over with abominable pictures and verses." . . . "The unhappy children have no longer anything to check the most shameless immodesty." The "fervid, excitable Italian nature is against virtue." If the revolution triumphed, premiums would be offered to incontinence, and the priests and confessors who now keep it in check would be removed. For this reason every good Catholic "would give his body to be burnt fifty times over" to keep the Pope at Rome.

2. The religious orders would be abolished. "Persons whose business it is to keep the counsels of perfection must be specially hateful to the children of the Devil. Men and women who see a virtue in chastity must be of all others unendurable by men and women the fundamental article of whose creed is that the perfection of man consists in uniting the wisdom of the Devil with the passions of the beast." What would be the result? Not only would the supply of persons available as confessors be greatly diminished, for people do not like to confess to the secular clergy, who know all about them (a curious hint as to the practical working of the practice of confession); but besides this, "the voice of prayer which day and night goes up to God while we are feasting, or playing, or sleeping, and keeps by its regular pleading the wearied heart of God still open in its mercy"—this also would cease. To prevent these evils every true Catholic "would willingly give every bone of his body to be broken on the wheel." Whether being burnt fifty times, or being broken on the wheel once, is the more painful process, we do not know, but the distinction is, to say the least, odd.

3. There would be a miserable falling off in religious services. As it is, "this is the one place on the whole earth where religion is made a business of life; it is the one city of Jesus Christ." The proof of this is superabundant. "Grace flows like a mighty river. . . . In twenty-six of the city churches there is daily benediction." There are other "special expositions," which it seems are a kind of benediction, and of these on particular days there are sometimes thirty or forty. "Then there are Rosaries, Ways of the Cross, special gatherings of the confraternities, and a host of similar meetings for prayers every day." There are also Triduas and Novenas ever going on. If the revolution triumphs, all this will come to an end. "If Jesus Christ is any longer worshipped, he must get his honour as any other dethroned king gets it, on the sly." This being so, a good Catholic "would willingly part with all he possesses" to keep the Pope at Rome.

We must not comfort ourselves with hopes that good would come in the end of all this. England is an awful example. "There is the heathenism of our masses; the utter unchristianness of all our classes of society; the utter absence of the supernatural; the terrible abundance of the natural." Still, bad and hateful as we are, "we have splendid natural virtues, are open, honest, hard-working, calculating people. Not so these Southern Italians, these Romans. The climate is enervating; there are not, can never be in this age of human generation, inherent powers in the race to enable it to surmount these difficulties." Having had so much grace, they have very little nature. "They are impulsive, excitable, imaginative, fervid, the very antipodes of ourselves. Once let loose those wild beasts of passion and license, and England, even as it is considered spiritually and Christianly, would be the seventh heaven to what Rome would be."

In averting these evils no one need doubt about the question of right. "Who are these Romans who are to have their nominal freedom?" Rome does not belong to them. But for the Popes, Rome would be a waste. The population are "a merely mongrel race," who "have an idea that England is the country of the world. The absence of a Pope must be grand, they think, if England owes so much to having refused to have anything to do with him." However, true Catholics need not despair. They may all help. One "simple and easy way" would be for every one to add to his prayers, "daily and nightly, if possible," this short entreaty for our Lady's help—"Domina salvum fac servum tuum Pium. Da ei virtutem contra hostes filii tui." At all events, there can be no compromise with "the revolution" and its emissaries. "We must make war upon them to the knife. They are of the Devil, while we are of God."

It is sometimes worth while to read the expressions of a sort of fanaticism which is, comparatively speaking, unfamiliar. Our own Protestant fanatics are familiar enough. We all know what our *Record* is like, and in what tone a Scotch Presbyterian howls at a railway train on a Sunday. The cry of the Ultramontanist is less familiar to English ears, and when we find so good a specimen of its peculiarities it would be a pity to leave it unnoticed; because, if for no other reason, it teaches us to bear with equanimity the comparatively trifling afflictions to which we are subject. Mr. Martin's complaints are two, and each of them deserves the careful attention of those who want to understand the system which he represents. The first complaint

is that, if "the revolution" gets possession of Rome, the morals of the Roman population will be corrupted, particularly in the article of the relation of the sexes. This complaint is one which requires careful attention, both on account of the light which it throws on the practical differences between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and also because there is a sufficient degree of truth in it to enable us to understand how it comes to be made. It appears to us highly probable that one result of the expulsion of the Pope from Rome would be that good many breaches of chastity would take place, and this, no doubt, would be a drawback from the benefit of expelling the Pope. Still we hope he may be expelled. The subject of the respective effects of the Protestant and Roman Catholic systems on chastity is extremely curious and important; and though it is certainly not an agreeable subject to discuss, it is one which ought not to be avoided. The imputation that Protestantism is unfavourable to chastity is one which Roman Catholic writers constantly make, and they have better evidence in favour of their assertions on this point than they are usually able to produce. There is probably little to choose between the morality of London and that of Paris or Vienna in respect of prostitution; but there can be no doubt that the Irish peasantry are far chaster than those of England, and it is probably true that Rome itself is singularly free from prostitution, and that this is due to the efforts of the Papal Government and of the priests to prevent it. This is the strong side of Catholicism, yet it must not be exaggerated. There is no possibility of ascertaining the facts with anything like accuracy, and there can be no doubt that the immorality of Protestants, and especially of English people, is habitually put at the very highest, for it is our way on all occasions to wash our dirty linen in public.

The weak side of the Romish system, even as it is at the present day, is set in the strongest light by Mr. Martin's letter. He shows that in Rome itself, at the very fountain-head of the whole system, the effect produced is nothing more than the result of a stringent moral police. Everything, it is said, depends on the priests. Take them away, relax for a moment the conventional necessity for weekly communion and confession, and England itself would be the seventh heaven to what Rome would be. The result is, that at the very heart of the system, in the population which is more under priestly influence than any other in the world, people cannot be trusted for a single week with the management of their own consciences. It is hardly necessary to draw the inference. The result is that the system must have been confined entirely, or almost entirely, to the prevention of certain overt acts of vice. It can have produced no permanent deep-seated reformation of character. We need not, however, go so far as Rome for an illustration of the practical effects of the Romish view of morality. A better, and, for their purposes, a far more favourable illustration is to be found in Ireland. There can be no doubt that in Ireland illegitimate births are far less common than in England, and no doubt this is due in a great measure to the influence of the clergy. But how has that influence operated? It has operated through a way of thinking, on the subject of chastity, which illustrates to perfection the narrow unreasoning character of the whole system. The whole Romish morality on the subject is traceable to a quasi-Manichean horror of the relation between the sexes, which it views as something essentially impure and horrible, though capable of being purified and rendered lawful by marriage. Much of the language of St. Augustine on the whole of this subject is founded on this view, and his way of thinking explains the fact that he was for many years a Manichean. Marriage rendering lawful what was otherwise a mysterious sin, the great object of the Irish clergy has always been to encourage it to the utmost, though the consequence of the imprudent marriages which have been caused by that encouragement, and of the lazy hand-to-mouth contentment and resignation of spirit which have gone hand-in-hand with them, has been to reduce the country to beggary, to destroy its self-respect, to make the whole population slavish, false, and unsteady in all their thoughts, words, and deeds. With a sturdier form of religion—with an infusion of Puritanism, for instance—the Irish would probably have been by this time much the same sort of people as the Scotch or the Welsh, and the power and prosperity of the British Isles would have been almost immeasurably increased. No doubt a greater number of unmarried women would have had children; but that form of licensed incontinence which consists in marrying without any rational prospect of supporting a family, and that silly contentedness which lies at the root of almost all the distresses of Ireland, would have been avoided.

We have put the case as strongly against Protestantism, and as much in favour of Popery, as we can, but it must be remembered that the benefit (such as it is) of a rigorous police on these matters is a consequence, not of the Roman Catholic creed, but of priestly power. Give power to any priesthood, and similar results will be produced. Scotland was once as moral under the Presbyterian clergy as Rome is now, and the morality of the people had an infinitely deeper and more personal character. It must also be remembered that the exercise of such a power is possible only under very peculiar circumstances, and over a very ignorant population, and that, even under all advantages, it is very apt to defeat itself. Rome itself at many periods of its history has been a perfect sink of immorality, and, bad as the vice of London and the coarseness of rural England may be, no one will say that we are worse than the French, the Spaniards, or the Italians, or that Vienna is a more moral city than Berlin. On the other hand, there is probably no more moral population in the world than the educated and

respectable part of English society, and their morality is distinctly based on the Protestant view of the subject, which is that family life, and the discharge of the various duties of men and citizens, is the highest of human ideals, and that unchastity is fatally opposed to its realization. The inference is, that the cure for immorality is to be found in teaching people to understand the beauty of this ideal, and the necessity of being moral in order to attain to it. The advantage of this mode of proceeding over that of a mere spiritual police is infinite. In the first place, it elevates and purifies the whole man, instead of mechanically preventing him from doing one particular set of bad acts. In the next place, it excites no opposition. A zealous priesthood may rule the inert part of an ignorant population, but the men of spirit and intelligence revolt against them, and when they do so they are apt to revolt against all that the priesthood assert themselves to represent. The educated and literary class in England is infinitely more moral than the corresponding class in France, for this plain reason, that they have never been set against morality and religion by the pretensions of their official representatives. It is an admission fatal to any system that it can rule none but the ignorant, and that it can rule them only by penalties.

It is curious to observe how Mr. Martin (following the example of more distinguished writers of the same kind) unconsciously admits a state of things in Rome fatal to all his pretensions. He talks of the "splendid natural virtues" of the English, and admits that the Romans are very poor creatures. It is of course easy to avoid every conclusion which you dislike, by arbitrarily asserting the existence of some special cause to account for the facts which support it; but this is nothing else than a *petit principi* removed by one single step. Nothing is easier than to credit the English with splendid natural virtues, and to debit the Romans with a climate and a temperament fatal to eminence and power of character. This, however, is mere trifling. Our English gifts are the result mainly of centuries of freedom and good government, which again arise from nothing else but the application to common life of the principles which, when applied to theology, produced Protestantism. The words "race" and "national character" merely express this result. They do not in themselves point to any original facts in human nature. The great reason why we in England wish to see the fall both of the temporal and of the spiritual power of the Pope is because we believe that a more rational power, exercised on better principles, would improve the Italian race and elevate the national character of the Italians.

Nothing is more worthy of remark in the writings of Roman Catholics than the utter inability which they generally show to understand the Protestant view of morals. They hardly seem to see that a Protestant's notion of the object for which he was sent into the world is different from theirs. A pious Protestant thinks that one of his first objects in life—one of his principal uses—is to be a good husband and father, a good merchant, a good lawyer, a good ruler, a good tailor or shoemaker, as the case may be, and that prosperity and success in life show how far he has succeeded in doing what he was sent on earth to do. To be obliged to keep a debtor and creditor account of sins and merits, and to have to attach miraculous effects to particular ritual services, would revolutionize all such a man's ways of thought, and would confuse his elementary notions of morality. The Romish view of morals is purely legal. Certain acts are sins, mortal or venial; certain other acts are meritorious in different degrees; but the general colour and tone of a man's life has nothing to do with his moral value. Thus Mr. Martin expatiates on English enterprise, without the least recognition of the fact that it has in itself a moral value. "There are telegrams, and steamboats, and a decent sewerage, &c. &c.," but "will the circular notes of the one country be honoured in the other—will any English railway pass be useful over there?" The very essence of Protestant morality lies in the answer—Yes, it will. Our very notion of God is that of a Being who rules over men in all their works and ways, who wishes them to study the world in which he has put them, to find out how to send telegrams and build steamers and make railways, and to see the importance of draining cesspools, and putting manure in its right place, instead of converting it into poison. Nay, we go further and say, bills drawn on Providence which represent real value are invariably honoured at maturity. Our telegraphs and railways and steamers and sewers do really do their work; they do, as far as they go, make us better men and women; they enable us to understand the world in which we live, and the nature of its author, and to see how He meant us to behave. These things, and other things of the same sort done for us by our ancestors, are the source of what you are pleased to call our "splendid natural virtues." In themselves they may be small, as all human things are, but they are real and substantial; and the thought that he has honestly laboured in such things, and really reduced some part of the world to the condition in which its Maker meant it to be—the thought that he has drained a marsh, or planned a railroad, or devised a new law of bankruptcy—is more likely to comfort a man at his dying hour, and to lead him to hope that, as he has been faithful in a few things, he may be promoted to a wider and higher sphere, than whole bushels of expositions and benedictions. We are apt to judge of things by their fruit, and when we hear that, in the head-quarters of what is called "grace," the population are, like naughty children, restrained from the grossest vice only by a system of ecclesiastical tyranny, we are terribly afraid that the Triduas, the Novenas, the Rosaries, the Ways of the Cross, and the other circular notes which our

friends are so eager to carry into the next world will all turn out to be no better than so many notes of the Bank of Elegance, of as little use in the next or any other respectably conducted world as they confessedly are in this. Nothing indeed can be stranger to a Protestant than Mr. Martin's deliverances on this head. For God's sake, he says in substance, do not stop our prayer mill. You may think it very little better than the Tartar arrangement in point of efficiency, and a great deal more expensive, but in fact it is the one thing that keeps the world going. "The vast fund of indulgences" (equal to any demand and capable of indefinite extension), "the statadal visits to the relics of the saints," the constant prayers and mortifications of the monks and nuns—these are the most holy and beautiful things in the whole world if you rightly consider them. It is this prayer mill of ours which "keeps by its regular pleading the wearied heart of God still open in its mercy." But for it we might expect a second flood, and yet you think of stopping it. It is not too much to say of a person who thinks thus that he worships a different God from ourselves, that he has a different notion of right and wrong, and that, though a member of the same nation, he is as entirely a stranger and an outcast from all its most characteristic objects and beliefs as if he were a Hindoo or a Mahometan. Every manifestation of the Ultramontane spirit tends to the same result, whether it comes in the form of the Encyclical, or in that of a letter to the *Tablet*. The result is always the same. The opposition between this form of opinion and the course which the conscience and reason of the vast mass of the civilized world approve is as radical and irreconcileable as the opposition between light and darkness.

MORAL ENTRENCHMENTS.

NOTHING could have been more remarkable or more gratifying than the universal outbreak of indignation with which the murder of President Lincoln has been received in this country. Considering the very strong objections to his policy which have been generally entertained by the more influential classes in England, there was ground for fearing that political prepossessions might dull the public feeling to the full horror of the crime that has been committed. There is no doubt, also, that the many political murders by which this century has been marked, though they have always been condemned, have not always been received with an indignation so lively as that which has broken forth from every assembly of Englishmen that has met within the last ten days. An inclination to condone, if not the doing, at least the teaching, of assassination, has shown itself in this country more than once in recent times. It was very satisfactory, therefore, to find that the moral sense of every class of English society was uninjured by the sympathies which have occasionally been lavished on men whose hands were not clean from this crime.

Yet, in the midst of the denunciation in which all have heartily joined, some have possibly taken the trouble to reflect as well as to feel upon the matter; and it may have occurred to them that the question is not quite so easy to deal with from the side of the reason as from the side of the emotions. The distinction between assassination and war seems, to the feelings of Englishmen, as strong as it is possible for any distinction to be. But it is not very easy to establish it by argument. The act of killing for the sake of a political object, with the physical horrors that accompany it, belongs equally to the murder and the battle. Nor is there any sustainable difference as to the authority under which the two are undertaken. Assassinations have often been directed by regular and acknowledged potentates, and wars have often been waged by men who derived their authority to wage them from nothing else but the consent of those who served under them. In these points, therefore, the parallel between the two is close. The point of contrast which is generally assumed by the epithets used is that there is something peculiarly insidious and peculiarly base about assassination, which does not exist in war. It is usually called "cowardly;" but this is an epithet which can only be used vaguely. As a matter of fact, an assassin runs a good deal more risk than a soldier in the field, and therefore is not open to the charge of cowardice in its strict sense. The percentage of soldiers who come out unharmed after a battle is very large; the percentage of political assassins who escape is very small. To commit such an act as that which has just been committed at Washington requires, not only courage, but the hardihood of desperation. Nor, again, can any circumstance of difference be extracted from the fact that it is a surprise. Many a position has been surprised in war, and those who were in it killed at the first onset, when they expected their doom as little as President Lincoln when he entered the theatre. As a sheer matter of argument, setting all feeling aside, it is clear that many an act committed according to the strict laws of war differs neither in the notice given to the victims, nor in the courage of the perpetrator, from acts of political assassination. The contrast between the feelings of mankind against it, and the tolerance with which they regard even the cruellest acts of war, must be referred to some more potent cause than logical distinctions. Every one knows that, if political assassinations were once justified, or if the horror of them were even suffered to abate, a stable form of government would become impossible. Every community contains an abundance of men who are dissatisfied with the acts of the Government, and among them it can hardly be impossible to find

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some who are perfectly reckless of their own lives. What keeps them down is the certainty that they will be the objects, not of admiration, but of universal abhorrence. If the state of political ethics were the same as it was in the days of our old friends Harmodius and Aristogiton, or even what it was in the days of the Italian republics, all government would be endangered, and free government would be a sheer impossibility. If statesmen were liable to pay the penalty of unpopular measures by having to stand fire in the theatre or the street, no one would be a statesman unless he were allowed to surround himself with all a tyrant's securities against assassination. The employment of a secret police, with the power of making arrests without cause shown, is of course fatal to liberty; but it is the natural and only possible answer of a Government menaced with the constant danger of political murders. The execration with which such acts are received is but the expression of an instinctive consciousness that they destroy the only conditions under which the slightest measure of political freedom is possible. On the other hand, there is a consciousness, equally instinctive and unavowed, that it is the interest of society to magnify the virtues of the military profession, and to be a little blind to its faults. It is essential to the existence of society that a large number of men should be ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of the community; and it might be difficult to find the requisite supply if people were not brought up to attach an enormous moral value to such self-devotion. It may be difficult in argument to draw the deep line which is practically recognised between these two modes of taking human life for the attainment of a political purpose. But society has drawn the line deeply in its own defence. The ethics of a nation are not practically drawn out by logical deductions, or extracted from any written code. They are evolved in the course of years by the constant action of the expressed opinions of older people upon the plastic minds of the young. There is a time of life when preferences and antipathies are easily implanted, and grow to be the ineradicable moral sentiments of maturer years. They take their form in each rising generation from the public opinion which was dominant at the moment of its rise. Opinions upon moral questions are more often the expression of strongly felt expediency than of careful ethical reasoning; and the opinions so formed by one generation become the conscientious convictions or sacred instincts of the next.

Other instances are not wanting of society protecting its most important interests by these moral entrenchments. The process is, of course, not intentional. It arises necessarily from the two facts, that a man has always a strong objection on moral grounds to any practice which affects him injuriously, and that his children, or other young people who are under his influence, grow up attaching the sacredness of a moral precept to the opinions so expressed by him, especially if those opinions suit their interests as well. The attitude taken by English society upon the subject of falsehood is a good illustration in point. There can be no question of the injurious effects of any indifference to truth in all private affairs, especially in pecuniary transactions. Consequently, a morality has grown up amongst us which has become almost instinctive now, condemning in the most unsparing terms the slightest deflection from truth in private life. So imperative is the necessity felt to be, that people prefer to teach the rule to their children in its most absolute form, though those who think upon the subject must be aware that it must be dispensed with by all who have, in the course of professional duty, to keep a secret; for a man who undertakes to keep a secret is, by implication, ready to say what is untrue if questioned upon the matter in such a form as to preclude evasion. But in respect to public life the feeling is very different. Most people are aware that it is very difficult to reconcile the Ministerial liability to unlimited questions, which is part of the British Constitution, with the frequent necessity of secrecy during the progress of an important arrangement. Therefore, departures from strict truth on the part of a public man, if his motives are evidently honest, are visited by opinion with a leniency which makes its condemnation a mere form. Indeed, there is scarcely a department of morality in which the existence of these moral entrenchments may not be traced. No one can have much discussed either theological or ethical questions without having observed a frequent tendency, probably both in his own mind and that of his antagonist, to meet a suspected doctrine by objecting, not to its proof, but to its effects. Let any one, for his own instruction, start in any company Mr. Mansel's views upon the limits of religious thought, or Mr. Maurice's views upon eternal punishment. He may meet one or two grave thinkers who will give him reasons for the belief that the weight of argument is against both these views. But the majority of his antagonists will meet him in a very different tone. They will tell him that these doctrines are very dangerous—that the reasoning which denies a human conception of things divine will destroy human faith as well, and that to propagate doubts upon the truth of eternal punishment is to give encouragement to vice. These arguments have indeed been publicly employed by some of the highest theological and philosophical authorities we have. If the truth of the doctrines impugned were the only consideration present to the minds of the disputants, such topics would be absurdly irrelevant. But they are very much in place if such doctrines are principally valued as moral entrenchments. Whenever any person answers an argument upon a question of ethics or theology with the objection, "That is a very dangerous doctrine," it may be confidently inferred that he looks upon his code of morality, or his system of theology, more in the light of a defensive fortification than of a sacred truth. Tried by this test, it may be safely averred that

there has been quite as much moral strategy as love of truth (on both sides) in the controversies of the last two or three years.

There is not much to be regretted in the popular view of the uses of morality, for its results are generally sound. Many people would be very much offended to be told that their traditional rules of conduct had their origin in considerations of expediency alone; but the origin is not an illegitimate one. No formal code of ethics that was ever put forth has been found to be really applicable to the ever-varying circumstances of human life; especially if it be attempted to make it suit different ages and different social or political conditions. Still less can any immutable laws of morality, rigidly applicable to all conceivable circumstances, be deduced from the purposely informal records of our own revelation. Century after century, a long line of casuists have applied the most powerful intellects with the most inexhaustible diligence to the task, and have notoriously failed. The rules of conduct, and the hue of moral sentiment which will produce happiness and improvement upon the largest scale, change as ages and conditions change. Each society must judge of the means best calculated in its own case to attain this end. The operation upon public opinion of the selfish impulses of individuals may be an ignoble method of giving expression to this judgment; but no other would be equally effectual, because no other would command an equally general assent.

HUNTING LADIES.

IT is not often that a good word is said for hunting ladies, unless it be by the hunting ladies themselves. Nor can even they think this very surprising. It would certainly be exceedingly inconvenient if the taste for hunting were very common in women. A home would be far from comfortable the mistress of which made a practice of coming in tired and muddy two or three days a week, and of spending the intervening days in discussing the state of her horses' legs with her groom, instead of looking after domestic affairs. A husband may well be excused for thinking that the "Domi mansit, lanam fecit," of the Latin epitaph offers a more desirable ideal. But there does not appear to be reason for fearing that the taste will ever prevail much more widely than is the case at present. Fashion, at any rate, is not likely ever to have much voice on the question. Fashion is sufficiently imperious in trifles, but it allows people for the most part to decide more important affairs as they please. It dictates the shape of bonnet or the size of a crinoline, but does not compel its victims to winter at Rome if they had rather stay at home, or to eat beef if they prefer mutton. In the same way, it is not probable that fashion will ever oblige ladies to encounter terror and fatigue in following the hounds, if they have no real taste that way. In spite of the hard things which have been said of late years about fast ladies, the class which hunts will, no doubt, continue to be small. It will be composed of those only whom a love of riding, high spirits, and courage bring to the covert side, and all who prefer to abstain will be allowed to do so. The wives will weigh foxes and hounds against babies and housekeeping talk, and the former will kick the beam. There is, therefore, nothing to alarm us as regards the domestic comfort of our countrymen. A daughter or a sister may be welcomed in the hunting-field, but there is a general understanding that, except in rare instances, sporting habits are to be laid aside with the receipt of the wedding-ring. Some exceptions must of course be admitted to all such rules, and a certain number of married ladies appear to hunt with the approbation of their husbands. But it is hard to avoid a suspicion that they must be rather a nuisance, even if they are not missed at home. If a woman is an unskillful rider, and frequently gets into difficulties, it must, one would think, be unpleasant for her husband that she should exhibit herself to the world at one time with her skirt torn off, at another with head and neck dripping with black mud after immersion in a ditch. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether his condition is better if she is a crack performer, and can beat him across country. It must at any rate, we may suspect, be difficult for him to maintain his lawful marital supremacy. What man would venture to thwart a woman who could avenge herself by asking him at dinner whether he ever got over the stile at which she left him, or by condoling with him on having been obliged to go round by a bridge instead of jumping the brook? On one thing we may congratulate ourselves. This is the tendency to stoutness which Mr. Hawthorn thought such an unamiable characteristic of English women. When once the matron begins to get fat, she must bring her hunting days to an end. It is hard to find weight-carriers for men, but it is simply impossible to supply the ladies in addition.

But though men may be lenient, and may be disposed to tolerate a few Dianas, the non-hunting ladies are for the most part much more severe. They may be rather shy about declaring their sentiments, but when they can be induced to speak frankly, it generally appears that they cherish opinions on this head of a very decided nature. The hunting field presents itself to their minds in odious colours. In the first place, they think that it affords opportunities for all sorts of unwarrantable flirtations, and that it is, in fact, a kind of ball-room with a total absence of chaperons. In the next place, they conceive hunting to consist mainly in an unseemly scamper over hedge and ditch, such as no woman but a witch on a broomstick could join in with propriety. It is plain, however, that both these views cannot be simultaneously

true to any great extent. Much ardour in the chase must interfere with love-making and coquetry, supposing the latter to exist. The truth is that the hunting ladies are wronged if it is supposed that they enjoy very special privileges in the way of flirtation. Although the delights of hunting form a subject on which it is usual to talk, or at any rate to write, boundless nonsense, it must nevertheless be admitted that sportsmen are for the time too full of themselves, their horses, the hounds, and the foxes, to be very susceptible of tender impressions. One is disquieted at finding that his new purchase persists in coughing; another is indignant at the real or supposed shortcomings of the huntsman; a third is nervously wondering whether he will ever accomplish in safety the horribly stiff fences which he sees before him. In addition to this, it must be remembered that the ladies by no means appear always to advantage. It is true that in a novel the heroine always rides triumphantly, and is distinguished by her sparkling eyes and charmingly glowing cheeks. But in real life things do not always go so smoothly. She may be distinguished by the curious way in which her face is speckled with dirt; or, worse still, the day may be cold and stormy, and she may excite no emotion but one of wonder at the surpassing redness of her nose or the odd mess into which her hair has got. Perhaps, if the adversaries of hunting ladies thoroughly understood this, they might be more tolerant. But it is very difficult for people to avoid being uncharitable about tastes which they do not themselves share. The usual explanation of this unamiable tendency is that given in the well-known couplet about compounding for sins they are inclined to. But the lines are, in truth, more epigrammatical than just. Malignant interpretations of this nature are really owing, in most instances, to want of imagination, and little else. It is difficult to conceive something which has not been experienced, and thus the simplest way is to suppose some bad motive. One man does not like dancing, another does not like smoking, a third does not like getting up late in the morning; and it saves trouble, as well as flatters self-conceit, to assume that dancing, smoking, and lying in bed are proofs of a corrupt disposition. In the same way, the ladies who prefer to stop at home, and who cannot understand why any woman should voluntarily face cold, hunger, and fatigue, with a contingency of broken bones and a scratched face, are betrayed into suspecting some sinister motive for so exceptional a predilection.

There is more justice in the objection that hunting is too rough and masculine an amusement for women. But even here there is no little exaggeration. Women who do not hunt form a very extreme notion of the sort of things that are done. They imagine that everybody jumps gates and stiles, and that there is not much difference between hunting and steeple-chasing, except that in the former case the course is marked out by a fox, and not by men. It is very natural that they should have this impression. In the first place, they see that sportsmen go out in a peculiar dress, and that much fuss and parade is made about hunting, and a great deal of money spent on it, and so they can hardly help coming to the conclusion that something very unusual must be done after all this. In the next place, they are misled by the descriptions in books, and are not aware that the sort of riding which writers like Messrs. Lawrence and Whyte Melville delight to picture is of an exceptional kind, suitable for heroes and heroines, but not common in everyday life. Lastly, when they go on foot or in carriages to see the first fox found, they are taken in by the pretentious way in which a run is usually commenced. It appears, for some reason, to be a point of honour among sportsmen to affect a determination to ride hard on each particular occasion. Everybody who understands the matter knows perfectly well that the first rush will come almost immediately to an end, and that the majority of riders will proceed to potter along down the lanes or through the gates; but the pretence is not the less studiously kept up. The result is that, when the field is large, there is at first a charge of cavalry of a truly terrific appearance. The ladies in the carriages are naturally deceived, and imagine that they witness a fair sample of the style in which a run is ridden. If this notion were correct, it might certainly be assumed that any woman who could hold her own must be in some measure unsexed. But the truth is that the start is quite deceptive. The first rush is magnificent, but it is by no means the war; that is, it is not the way in which the war will continue to be waged. The distinction between hunting and steeple-chasing is extremely important. The latter is a serious affair, in which a jockey is bound to do his best; but in the former there is a certain etiquette which, with all well-managed packs, is strictly enforced. Some fields are, it is true, composed largely of excited and ignorant riders, who set rules at defiance, and these a woman would do well to avoid. But there are many where she may hunt with entire confidence that no one will ride against her, or jump on her if she falls. The objection, moreover, which is sometimes invidiously raised, that women must be a great nuisance, getting in the way and wanting assistance, is in most instances unfair. It may be said of women, as of clergymen, that few hunt but those who have a natural and genuine aptitude for the work, and that consequently they are for the most part well able to take care of themselves. The deference that must be paid them amounts to little more than this, that a certain amount of consideration must be shown in the matter of opening gates. Any woman who, in the hunting-field, should presume on the privileges of her sex would, in truth, be such a nuisance as to be intolerable. Mr. Trollope tells us that in America it is no uncommon thing for a woman to

come into a railway carriage and stare an unfortunate man out of any seat that she may fancy; and one occasionally witnesses similar impertinences in England. But assumptions parallel to this could not be tolerated out hunting, and if the ladies insist on following the hounds, they must be on their guard against American manners. On the other hand, it may fairly be said that their presence is a real advantage if it helps to enforce the observance of the proper code of courtesy. With the spread of riches, and the greater facilities of travelling afforded by railways, the fields get larger and larger, and in like proportion do the complaints increase of the unreasonable conduct of many of the sportsmen—if sportsmen they may be called. If the ladies who attend help to remind such men that hunting should not be a mere scramble where hounds, huntsman, and neighbours are alike forgotten, we may well forgive them if they sometimes cause a delay of a few seconds at a gate or a gap.

But, though hunting ladies may be allowed, the case is very different with sportswomen, if there are such things as sports-women. The difference between a hunting man and a sportsman is that the former seeks only to enjoy a good ride with a certain amount of social amusement, whereas the latter professes to take a deep and mysterious delight in the catching and killing of some animal. The feeling of the sportsman may of course, to some extent, be resolved into a natural pleasure in the exercise of his own skill, or in watching the skill of the hounds. But there certainly appears to be something in it more than this. An instinct of this kind may perhaps be explained on the theory of natural selection. We may suppose that our ancestors were at one time a race of savages who lived on the animals that they killed. Those men would be most likely to thrive, and to have offspring, who killed most animals, and those would kill most animals who took a pleasure in such occupation. Thus there would in time come to be implanted an hereditary instinct impelling men to catch and kill apart from utilitarian purposes, and this instinct may make its appearance from time to time in an irregular way, as circumstances happen to favour its development. At any rate there seems to be a distinct sporting character. And this character is highly esteemed by its possessors, who rate themselves far above mere hunting men. So honourable, indeed, are the attributes of a true sportsman considered, that they are frequently aped, in a laughable way, by men who are really devoid of the divine *afflatus*. It is no uncommon thing to see a gentleman who at the first glance may be taken for a whipper-in, in the style of his dress and general appearance. He will affect to be intimate with the hounds, and to know all their names, though, if the huntsman is within earshot, it will commonly turn out that he makes mistakes about them. He will also signalize himself by hallooing when he should be silent, and by offering uncalled-for counsels to the master and huntsman. All this comes from an ill-regulated ambition to be thought a sportsman, and not a mere hunting man. Now, if any woman should be possessed in like way by a desire to be thought a sportswoman, let her by all means be condemned. She may come, if she will, to the covert side; but she must come because she loves to breathe fresh air and to gallop over the turf, because she has high spirits and a brave heart. Let her beware of affecting to be knowing about hounds or exulting in the death of a fox.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

IT is always amusing when a man, in attempting to correct another's blunder, makes a greater blunder of his own; and it is more amusing still when a man makes a blunder in attempting to correct something which he fancies to be a blunder, but which is in fact perfectly accurate. This last unhappy fate happened last Saturday to a correspondent of the *Times*, whose communication, signed "Freemason," was admitted to the honours of large type. Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner, had said that Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, "was generally understood as inheriting those traits significant of his father's name—Junius Brutus Booth." Now we in no way defend Mr. Mason's English, which we find as difficult to construe as "Freemason" does; but when "Freemason" goes on to charge Mr. Mason with an historical inaccuracy of which he is not guilty, it is our turn to laugh. "I imagine," says "Freemason," "that Mr. Mason supposes Junius Brutus to have been the person to whom the words 'Et tu, Brute!' were addressed by the prototype of Napoleon I." He then goes on—"But, as one is often informed by English writers that Quintus Curtius jumped into the gulf in the Forum, non offendat maculis."

Now surely this is the "grand style" of argument with a vengeance. Mr. Matthew Arnold himself could hardly be more contemptuous in disputing with a Philistine. And yet, after all, it is the Freemason who is wrong, and the other Mason who is right. "Freemason" knows something; he can quote a bit of Horace, he can even point out a common error as to the prenomens of the eponymous hero of the *Laeus Curtius*; but he has clearly not mastered the mysteries of Roman family nomenclature. To call the Curtius who, according to the legend, leaped into the gulf, Quintus instead of Marcus, is a mistake at which we have often smiled, not without some desire to know whether any one fancied that it was the biographer of Alexander who thus sacrificed himself. But Mr. Mason has not made this mistake, nor any other. Queer as his English is, what he evidently means is that the politics of Wilkes Booth were such as might be looked for from one whose father bore the name of Junius Brutus. We are not

arguing about the facts of the history of Wilkes Booth, in which possibly Mr. Mason may be wrong and "Freemason" may be right; we have to deal only with the earlier Junii Brutii. Mr. Mason in no way commits himself to any particular Junius Brutus, and we are left to choose between him who drove out the Tarquins and him who slew Cæsar. His language is as vague as that of Mrs. Sherwood when, in one of her stories, she says that in the character of a certain schoolboy was to be seen "the haughtiness, though not the fierceness, of Junius Brutus." It is just this vagueness which has led "Freemason" astray. He fancies that there never was but one Junius Brutus, and he fancies that the person who helped to kill Cæsar was not Junius Brutus. He evidently has no notion that the two famous Brutii and a number of obscure Brutii between them—in short, every Brutus that ever existed—was, and must have been, Junius Brutus. Brutus was a cognomen in the Junian gens, and in no other. In short, "Freemason," having corrected the mistake about the praenomina of the Curtii, thinks he is doing the same good work by the praenomina of the Brutii. He evidently fancies that Junius was a praenomen, that the first Consul was Junius Brutus, and that the slayer of Cæsar was Brutus with some other praenomen—his actual Marcus or any other. Probably he would distinguish one as Junius Brutus, and the other as Marcus Brutus. That the one was Lucius Junius Brutus and the other Marcus Junius Brutus he clearly has no idea whatever. In truth, it is not strictly accurate to speak of Junius Brutus at all; the way of describing a man by nomen and cognomen, common under the Empire, was not known under the Republic. Julius Cæsar himself was never called Julius Cæsar in his lifetime, any more than Cicero was called Tullius Cicero. Marcus, Marcus Junius, Marcus Brutus, Marcus Junius Brutus, were all accurate ways of describing a man; each would be the proper way on its own particular occasion; but Junius Brutus is a formula of later days. Still, so far as it can be used at all, it is applicable alike to the first and to the last Brutus. Mr. Mason has made no sort of mistake, and the criticisms of "Freemason" show nothing but his own ignorance.

There is, indeed, one way of escape for him, but it is by so obscure an outlet that we cannot give him the benefit of it. It is quite inconceivable that, if he had known anything about it, he would have failed to display his knowledge. It is true, in one sense, that the person who killed Cæsar was not Junius Brutus at the time that he killed him. But this is only because, in perfect strictness, he was not at that time Brutus at all. Born a Junius Brutus, he was adopted by his maternal uncle Quintus Servilius Cæpion. His proper description from that time would have been Quintus Servilius Cæpion Junianus. But the strict accuracy of the earliest times had already begun to fail; he was, moreover, adopted, not in childhood, but when he was already grown up, and had begun to acquire some reputation. He therefore retained the name of Brutus, and was always spoken of as Brutus or Marcus Brutus, just as Publius Clodius, after his adoption by Publius Fonteius, was still called Publius Clodius, and not Publius Fonteius Clodianus. Even in formal documents and inscriptions, where the legal name could not well be got rid of, he was called Quintus Servilius Cæpion—not Junianus, but—Brutus, or more briefly Cæpion Brutus. This is much the same as the case of Quintus Metellus Scipio, not Quintus Metellus Cornelianus. But the Cornelian gens was so vast that Cornelius or Cornelianus would have proved hardly anything, while the Junii were not so extensive and the Brutii were certainly the most distinguished family of the gens. The retention of the name by Marcus certainly looks like an intentional—perhaps, in his case, a sentimental—cleaving to it for its own sake. We think, however, that no judgment of charity will lead any one to believe that "Freemason" had lighted upon these somewhat obscure facts, or that, if he had, he would not have set them forth in a clearer manner. He evidently thought that Junius Brutus was the distinctive name of another man, and that it was not, nor ever had been, at any time or in any sense, the name of the slayer of Cæsar.

The ways in which Romans, with their three names, are popularly spoken of in English and French are often very odd. There seems no distinct rule why some names are abbreviated and others not, why some people are called by the nomen, some by the cognomen, while some keep their praenomen and some lose it. Tully has gone out of fashion, and Mark Antony has pretty nearly followed him; but nobody at any time ever talked about Mark Tully. Horace, Virgil, Ovid, pay the penalty of their fame in being cut short; but why are they and Lucretius always spoken of by their nomina, while Catullus, Martial, Statius, Juvenal, and a crowd of others, abbreviated or not abbreviated, are known only by their cognomina? Why does a Frenchman always say Tite-Live, while he feels under no necessity to help Tacitus to his praenomen? Agrippa Menenius always gets turned about; so does Lucius Emilius Paulus, who is almost always called Paulus Emilius. Frenchmen cut him short, too, into Paul-Emile; happily the existence of Emily as a female Christian name has saved him in English from the fate of Antony and Pompey. When we get to imperial names, of course the disorder is not wholly due to modern writers or speakers; the Roman nomenclature was then really getting thoroughly confused. Still it is odd to find one of the greatest of Roman lawyers known by no name but Gaius, as if some master of our own jurisprudence was known as nothing but John. As for another Gaius or Caius—we may as well tell "Freemason" that the names are the same—it is worthy of a moment's thought why we all, from his biographer downward, talk

of Julius Cæsar. As we before said, no one called him so in his lifetime; the Caius Cæsar of this world became Divus Julius only in the next. But is the Julius correct? Without the Divus? or would it not, in these times, be a proper compliment alike to the hero and to his follower to revive the full respectful description? Divus Julius might well pave the way for Saint Napoleon—only we believe that a Saint Napoleon has been found already.

Lastly, has any one ever thought what was the full description, as a Roman citizen, of the Apostle Paul? We find him called both by the Hebrew name Saul and by the Roman Paul; but it is hardly possible that the jingle of sound between them can be anything but accidental. Nor can it well be more than accidental that the Roman name Paul is first used just after the mention of Sergius Paulus. St. Paul, as a Roman citizen, one born to the citizenship, must have had his proper Roman name. Foreigners admitted to citizenship naturally took the name of their patron, adding their own foreign name as an agnomen. Thus we get such odd-sounding people as Quintus Lutatius Catulus Diodorus, Caius Curtius Proclus, and that Claudius Lysias who, unlike St. Paul, obtained his freedom only by a great sum. What, then, was St. Paul's name? Paulus was a cognomen; he must have had a nomen, he must have belonged to a gens, to one of those gentes which, like Sergio and Æmilia, used Paulus as a cognomen. It sounds odd, but it would be exactly according to analogy if the true name of the Apostle of the Gentiles were something like Lucius Æmilius Paulus Saul.

THE ALPS OF ENGLAND.

IN the spring a mountaineer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the Alps. He knows that his old playground is being swept clear of snow, and getting into good order for the summer. Unluckily, the sacred places of the Alps are in too dangerous a condition to be visited as yet, even by those who have the leisure and the desire. It is prudent not to trifle with rocks still smothered in snow and guarded by the artillery of avalanches. Some vent, however, may be found for this consuming passion amongst the hills which supply the place of Alps to Great Britain. Perhaps our best imitation of the backbone of Europe is to be found in the English Lakes. In some respects, we must confess that even the best is bad. Mr. Ruskin has taken some trouble to show that, even in the Alps themselves, there are few mountains which justly deserve the title of peaks. As a rule, he maintains that Alpine summits are mere imposters, putting on a delusive conical aspect by mean tricks of perspective. They cheat you, he thinks, into taking the end of a gable for an obelisk. Few persons, however, who have climbed the higher Alpine summits will be disposed to deny that they are generally steep enough all round for practical purposes. As a rule, they are accessible at most in only two or three directions; some are only accessible in one; and, in spite of the well-meant efforts of the Alpine Club, some, alas, are accessible in no direction whatever. Of the English Lake district the inverse assertion must be made. There are a few hills which are inaccessible from one, or even from more than one, side; but, speaking generally, you may, taking the top as a centre, follow any radius you please of the circumscribing circle. And this is not the worst. When you are on the top of a mountain, you expect the ground to descend, it may be gently, but still to descend at some angle in every direction. In the English Lake country, however, when you are on the top of a hill, you are usually merely at one point of a gently undulating plateau. The remarkable intelligence of the Ordnance Surveyors has generally discovered the highest point of these undulations, and marked it indelibly by the erection of a cairn of stones. The extreme delicacy of this operation is doubtless one reason for the long delay in the appearance of the map. The hills thus partake less of the character of miniature Alps than of that of huge downs. Their sides are tolerably steep, but their summits are connected by an elevated riband of land winding with labyrinthine convolutions from one peak to another. It seems as if the valleys had been simply scooped out of a lofty table-land, leaving part of the original surface to form the hill-tops and the intervening ridges. When one of the characteristic lake mists comes down, the mountaineer may thus be placed in the perplexing position of absolutely losing his way on the top of a mountain. In Switzerland this would be as difficult as to lose one's way on the top of a church-steeple. The compensating advantage is that every road leads you safely to some valley, and that no valley can be very far from the point sought to be reached. The greatest of Alpine pleasures—that of being in a position which you may fairly represent to yourself and your friends as one of extreme danger, but which is in reality perfectly safe—is thus almost unattainable. There are none of those charming paths where a single false step would launch the unwary traveller into eternity. The guide-books of the district cruelly mock the mountaineer by describing Striden-edge as a perilous ascent, "the ridge being scarcely more than two yards in breadth"; in other words, a couple of mules would have some trouble in passing each other upon it. There are, indeed, certain crags, especially in the neighbourhood of Wastdale, where it is possible to get into danger by going out of your way to look for it. The sides of the hill are masked by the mass of debris forming the pleasing slopes known locally as screes. But near the summits, and along the crests of the ridges, a few places may be found where the mountaineer may seek the bubble reputation even at the precipice's edge. Here are one or two *maxims* of

local celebrity. There is the passage by the Mickledore between Scawfell and Scawfell Pikes, where, according to Miss Martineau's guide, some foolhardy persons have crossed "without losing their lives," and where a man of more than average ingenuity might possibly break his leg. There is the crag described by Wordsworth—

— one particular rock
That rises like a column from the vale,
Whence by our shepherds it is called the Pillar.

The ascent, which may be compared to that of the Riffelhorn, is one of a decent amount of difficulty. It is, however, a striking testimony to the general safety of the district that, when Wordsworth wished to bring about a fatal accident, he was obliged first to make his hero ascend (apparently half unintentionally, "through weariness, or to indulge the humour of the moment") the one crag in the district which has a reputation for quasi-inaccessibility, then to make him fall asleep on the top, and afterwards walk in his sleep over the edge of the cliff. When sleep-walking is necessary to bring about a fatal accident in a mountain district, it may safely be said that the mountains cannot well be of a very precipitous character. It is true that such accidents do occur, but they are generally owing to other causes. A dalesman, under the influence of whisky, loses his way every now and then whilst crossing the fells in a snow-storm at night, and may possibly die from exhaustion. A case of a different kind happened not many weeks ago. A gentleman slipped on the face of the Great Gable, which looks towards Kirkfell on the Wastdale side, and which was then covered with snow. His stick was found just before Easter, and by its position helped to clear up the nature of the accident. He had apparently been descending the ridge which connects the Great Gable with Kirkfell. He had slipped on the frozen crust of snow, just above a ledge of rocks which runs parallel to the ridge and at a small distance below it. A violent fall over this ledge doubtless either killed him or rendered him insensible at once; his skull had been fractured, apparently by some of the large stones immediately at its foot. He had afterwards slipped, for a considerable distance, over what is now a slope of scree, and was then masked by a continuous sheet of snow. The moral is one which mountaineers will do well to remember in all districts—namely, that no mountain is so easy as not to become more dangerous at times than even peaks of notorious difficulty under favourable circumstances. The well-known guide Bennen was killed a year ago on a mountain which ladies might easily and safely climb in the summer; and even a hill like the Great Gable, which rejoices in only one precipice, and that on the side where the accident did not occur, may become dangerous when transformed into a sheet of slippery ice. Primrose Hill might itself be awkward in a similar condition, and the quietest hills have generally one or two nooks where a fall might possibly be fatal.

The mountaineer in the Lakes can seldom obtain that delicate flavour of danger which renders Alpine walking so delightful; nor can he enjoy his favourite exercise under such stimulating conditions. He may, however, revive old associations, try his wind and his boots, and enjoy a beauty as like that of the Alps as whisky and water is to the pure spirit. It is much the same tune, though played in a minor key, and on an instrument of narrower range. The Lakes may be said to be to the Alps what Wordsworth is to Shakespeare. The sentiment which one imbibes from a day's wandering along their ridges is naturally expressed in terms of Wordsworth. No poet ever more completely imbibed the spirit of a particular scenery, to breathe it out again in his verses—which is perhaps the reason, not to speak profanely, why Wordsworth's poetry is sometimes such an intolerable bore to the non-poetic mind. The Wanderer, and the Solitary, and the prosy philosophers of the *Excursion* could hardly have been raised anywhere outside the Lake district. When you have been lying on the top of Scawfell, or Helvellyn, in true Lake weather, not quite fine and not quite foul, the atmosphere changed into a semi-transparent mist, the quiet lakes reflecting nothing but gentle slopes of grass varied by gray banks of scree, you begin to appreciate their probable effect upon a man who should pass his life among them. They are very graceful and very soothing when contrasted with the turmoil of cities, but rather enervating than stimulating to the imagination. A Cockney poet has, in the long run, a better chance than a "Laker." London provides a more powerful as well as a more varied poetical diet than Rydal. But, although the scenery of the Lakes would probably exercise a rather prejudicial influence upon those rare and poetical temperaments which are profoundly affected by natural scenery, they are a delightful playground for the prosaic tourist with limited leave of absence. The fresh mountain air, the open moor, and the steep grass-slopes are good for lungs and legs, even though they cannot profess to rival the glories of the Alps. It must be added, too, that the natives do not, as a rule, seem to have participated, even in the smallest degree, in the sentimental tendencies of their poets. Perhaps they are too tough-skinned to imbibe much, either of good or bad, from natural scenery. Or, possibly, we could not fully enumerate its various effects without taking into account the athletic element represented by Professor Wilson. The Lakes meant to him, not merely Southey's or Wordsworth's poetry, but yachting, wrestling, cock-fighting, and fox-hunting, which formed an excellent corrective to the purely Wordsworthian element. The tourist will be fortunate if his enjoyment of natural beauty is heightened by a participation in some of those sports. No one probably understands the Alps so

well as the enthusiastic chamois-hunter. Unluckily, chamois, if there ever were any, have disappeared as completely as the glaciers. The chase of the fox or the marten, however, supplies its place with very fair success. You have to follow the hounds as well as you can on foot, over hill and valley, sometimes in view, oftener by ear, and most frequently guided by your own or the natives' general knowledge of the manners and customs of the animal. If a marten, he probably takes refuge in some Castle Malepartus, fixed in a jutting crag on the side of the hill. You gradually dislodge him by letting men down with ropes, or smoking him out with lighted bracken. Then ensues a series of desperate races. You try your mountain craft, learnt in the Alps, against sturdy natives in a high state of training. On a crag you may possibly hold your own. Up the steep slopes of slippery turf you are hard put to it. When they clatter with their heavy iron-clad shoes over detestable scree, formed of stones as big as your head, full of sharp corners, and incessantly turning over with an evident desire of spraining your ankles, you are glad if you can even keep your guides in sight. You are still more pleased if they lose all trace of the hunt, and you are able to lie down panting for breath on a grassy ledge, admiring the distant view of the ocean and the Isle of Man, till the music of the hounds floating up through one of the hill gorges gives the signal for another series of contests. You probably find that the marten has ensconced himself in some profound cranny beneath the stones; for, like Shelley's cloud, he seems to have the faculty of passing through the pores of these perforated mountains. The best chance is to smoke him out, and get a shot at him, before he finds another refuge; but it is not improbable that after several hours' efforts, when the dogs are tired out, and the terriers have been nearly lost in the bowels of the hill, and you have pulled down a considerable fraction of it in the attempt to release them, the marten may finally elude you in some impenetrable rock fortress. You have then nothing to do but to go home to dinner. That enjoyment is, however, enough for any reasonable mortal. The fox is apt to give longer runs, in which you will probably lose not only your fox, but your friends, your hounds, and yourself. But, under all circumstances, you enjoy first-rate exercise, and become intimate with every hollow and ridge of the surrounding country. And, taken in this way, not as the dish, but as a piquant sauce, nothing can be much pleasanter than the scenery of the Lakes.

THE INDIAN ARMY.

IT is not easy to understand why the Government allowed itself to be beaten, in a small House, on Captain Jervis's motion in favour of the Indian officers; but it is upon the whole desirable that the grievances, whether real or imaginary, of a body of men who have deserved so well of their country as the officers of the old Company's army should not be passed over without the fullest possible investigation. It is a strong argument in support of the reference to a Committee that neither Captain Jervis nor Sir Charles Wood was able to present anything like a clear and intelligible account of what is from its very nature an extremely tangled controversy. In all probability it will be found that both the Indian Secretary and his accuser are substantially correct in their statements; and that, while the officers of the Indian army, as a body, have largely gained by the new arrangements consequent on the Mutiny and the reorganization of the native army, some cases of absolute, and many of relative, hardship have occurred. The essence of the complaint, in the form which it has now assumed, is not so much that officers get promotion less rapidly than they would have done under the terms of their original service, but that all have not benefited equally, and that many juniors have attained to a higher rank than their seniors, whom they could not possibly have passed under the rule of promotion which prevailed in the Indian army. It is no answer to a military man who finds himself distanced in the race of promotion to say that his rank and pay are as high as if no change had been made, and that it is no wrong to him that others have been able to make a still more rapid advance. To a soldier, loss of relative rank is a substantial hardship, and it is not denied that to this extent some cause of complaint has existed, though it is alleged—and, in the main, we believe truly—that the hardship was the inevitable consequence of events, and that more than ample compensation has, as a rule, been given. Sir Charles Wood quoted a despatch from the Government of India which tells the whole truth very pithily:—"It is scarcely possible that extensive changes in the army should ever be made without unfavourably affecting the position of some individuals relatively—i.e. as compared with some others . . . but we think that by the measures ordered in your despatch substantial hardship in the matter of promotion is avoided." It is not so clear as Sir Charles Wood assumed that this statement is a conclusive answer to every individual complaint. It is a poor satisfaction to an officer who fancies himself even relatively aggrieved, to be told that the service, on the whole, has suffered nothing in the matter of promotion. Probably the real cases of hardship will not turn out to be very numerous, but it would be both ungenerous and unjust to refuse investigation, though the complaint were that of a single officer, instead of being preferred as it is by upwards of 700. Nor was it any better defence to urge that the matter had been already referred to a Royal Commission, because the gist of the present petition is that the recommendations of that Commission have not been *bona fide* carried out.

While we cannot regret that one more inquiry is to take place, it is only fair to the Government to acknowledge that they have effected the needful changes in the organization of the Indian army with so much liberality as to entail a large increase of pay to Indian officers, and to accelerate very considerably the average rate of promotion; and when it is considered what those changes were, it is not surprising that some cases of inequality should nevertheless have arisen. Before the Mutiny, there were 283 native regiments, including regulars and irregulars. Half of these either disbanded themselves in the Mutiny or have been since suppressed; and of those that are retained, all are either transformed, or in process of transformation, into irregular regiments—a change which entails a reduction in the number of officers. Not even Captain Jervis would contend that the Government was bound to keep up some hundreds of thousands of organized native troops for the express purpose of imperilling the Empire; and yet, without this, it was impossible to ensure to every officer precisely the same chances of regimental promotion which he enjoyed before. The change from the regular to the irregular system, which was recommended on the score both of efficiency and economy, still further increased the difficulty; and the establishment of the Staff Corps, while it opened the door of preferment to many, added to the inequalities which have been so much complained of. Under the seniority rule, too, a system of making a purse to buy out senior officers had grown up which, though not seriously interfered with, was never directly sanctioned by the authorities. This, too, fell to the ground when promotion by merit, or at any rate by selection, was introduced into the whole system as the necessary consequence of reorganizing the native army on the footing of irregular troops.

Both Sir Hugh Rose and Sir William Mansfield have declared in recent general orders that this great revolution has been effected with marked success; and they attribute this result to the zeal and ability with which the Indian officers as a body have worked out the reorganization of the army according to ideas wholly different from those on which it was originally constituted. Some notion of the cost at which this change has been purchased may be gathered from a comparison of the average rates of promotion before and since the meeting. According to the figures given by Sir Charles Wood, it appears that the promotions to the rank of lieutenant-colonel are nearly, and those to the rank of major more than, three times as numerous as they were; while the number of captains' commissions has also increased, though in a comparatively small ratio. The extra charge for pay and pension has entailed an expense of a quarter of a million; and it does not seem to be denied that, whatever individual hardships may have been suffered, the army as a whole has gained immensely by the policy which has been pursued. The main grievances put forward—the abolition of promotion according to strict regimental seniority, modified by the rather illegal purse-system, and the superior advantages obtained by those officers who have joined the Staff Corps—cannot be made ground of accusation against the Government. The old system had dissolved itself, and though the East India Company might, before the Mutiny, have felt itself bound in honour, if not in law, to leave the position of its military servants absolutely unimpaired and substantially unaltered, it by no means follows that the Queen's Government was tied down for ever to a system which had led to peril and disaster, merely because some officers might consider themselves prejudiced by any modification of their terms of service. The native army was organized for the defence of India; but the tone of some of the remonstrances which have been preferred almost seems to assume that the Government of India ought to be administered with a single view to the interests of the officers whom it employs. The changes required in the public interests must be carried out, and all that can be said to have been the duty of the Government in making them was so to conduct the operation that no one should stand in a position absolutely worse than he enjoyed before, and to give adequate compensation to those who could show a tangible grievance in being superseded by their juniors in the service. All this Sir Charles Wood maintains that he has done in the most liberal spirit; but in a matter involving so many details it is possible that some of the petitioners may really have a genuine grievance, which may be rather aggravated than mitigated by the very favourable manner in which the changes have worked with reference to the majority of the Indian officers. It is not, perhaps, likely that much will come of the new investigation; but, if so agreeable a result can be secured, no single officer ought to suffer by a modification of his terms of service, though forced on by an inevitable necessity and shaped by legislative interference. It may be that the letter of the Parliamentary guarantee is satisfied by the conditions of service which are now imposed, but the spirit of the enactment unquestionably was, that the officers of the Indian army should in no case, directly or indirectly, be prejudiced by the introduction of the new order of things. Until the real facts are brought out more clearly than has yet been done, it would be unfair (as the House of Commons seems to have felt) to refuse an inquiry, even though it may probably reduce the alleged grievances to very minute proportions.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

IN the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, the national collections of living and dead specimens, both of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are placed side by side in the same locality, and form

one great scientific institution. In this country the corresponding series are somewhat more widely distributed. The great national collection of preserved zoological specimens is in Bloomsbury, forming part of that heterogeneous mass of objects commonly known as the "British Museum." Theoretically, the collection of botanical specimens is under the same roof, but practically it is many miles away, on Kew Green—the Hookerian Herbarium having long ago superseded the decadent "Botanical Department" in Great Russell Street. At Kew also is the national collection of living plants, which, under the care of the distinguished botanist who presides over it, has been made, like the Herbarium by its side, the finest and most complete of any in existence. Of living animals alone we have no national collection in this country. But a private society established some thirty-five years ago has stepped in here, and has so well occupied the vacancy thus left in the scientific series, that it is perhaps hardly to be regretted that in this particular the more perfect model of our neighbours across the Channel has not been followed. The Zoological Society's collection of living animals in the Regent's Park has, in fact, although entirely unsupported by Government assistance, become so well known, and so thoroughly appreciated by the public at large, as to be looked upon almost in the light of a national establishment. Much interest is, therefore, taken in the progress of its affairs, to which, as exhibited in the Report presented by the Council to the recent Anniversary meeting, we now propose to call our readers' attention.

At the anniversary meeting in 1864, the total number of members of the Zoological Society of London was stated to be 1,754. It is now 1,955, showing an addition of 201 to the list during the past twelve months. In 1864 no fewer than 264 new Fellows and annual subscribers were elected—a greater number than have joined the Society in any single year during these last twenty-eight years. Not less satisfactory is the increase in the income of the Society during the past twelve months. At the anniversary in 1864, the receipts for the previous year were announced to be 20,284*l.*, a sum unexampled in the annals of the Society except in the case of the two "Exhibition" years, when the great concourse of visitors to London augmented the fund derived from admissions to the Gardens far beyond its ordinary amount. But the income of 1864 has exceeded that of 1863 by 1,429*l.*, the total receipts for the past year having reached the amount of 21,713*l.* The greater half of this large sum is produced by the shillings and sixpences taken at the gates of the Society's gardens for the admission of visitors. In 1864, upwards of 12,700*l.* accrued to the Society's revenues in this way, and the corresponding amount in each year generally exceeds 10,000*l.* It should also be noticed that visitors on Mondays and holidays, who pay only sixpence a head, contribute by far the larger proportion of this sum—their numbers being much more than double those of the visitors on the other days of the week who pay one shilling each. We call attention to this fact, because it is well-known that, in reply to several applications made by the Society for increased space in order to exhibit their somewhat crowded collection of animals more efficiently, the stereotyped official answer of the Commissioners of Works has been to inquire whether the Council would open the gardens free to the public during a part of the week. It is obvious that, by agreeing to such a proposal, the Society would sacrifice an income of some six or seven thousand a year—a loss they could hardly be expected to incur unless compensation were made to them out of the public revenues. The total number of visitors of all classes to the gardens during the year 1864 was 507,169—a number falling little, if at all, short of that of the visitors to the British Museum, which is open to the public gratuitously.

The *ordinary* expenditure of the Society for the year 1864, under which head is placed every item necessary to keep the establishment in a perfect state of efficiency, was 17,097*l.* Besides this, the sum of 6,604*l.* was laid out on what in the Council's Report is termed *extraordinary* expenditure—that is, on permanent additions to the establishment, such as in railways and similar undertakings are usually charged to "capital account." The difference between the total amount thus expended and the income received was made up by the sale of 3,000*l.* Three per cents. from the Society's reserve fund. In relation to this it should be noticed that, although a part of the large addition made to the reserve fund during the last "Exhibition year" has thus been sacrificed, the solid sum of 10,000*l.* still remains invested on Government securities, and that the Council have no intention of further reducing the amount. A few years ago a resolution was taken to augment the reserve fund, which had been gradually diminishing by continuous sales of Stock for several years, to the sum of 5,000*l.* The unexampled prosperity of the present state of affairs has enabled the Council to accumulate double that amount, without at the same time neglecting to make every year some new and important additions to the buildings in the Regent's Park gardens. There can be little doubt, we think, that 10,000*l.* is a sum amply sufficient for such a Society to hold in reserve, and that future surpluses will be far more profitably invested in additions to the gardens than in Three per cent. Stock. Should the Society's affairs ever come to be wound up, of which there does not seem much likelihood, the collection of living animals would fetch a sum far beyond the amount of any contingency in the shape of liabilities, being calculated to be worth at least 26,000*l.* In fact, the chief use of the reserve fund of 10,000*l.* is to give the Society's financial affairs such a manifestly favourable appearance as to

induce cautious people to become members without scruple, and to pay down their composition fees of 35*l.* with perfect confidence that the Society will "last their time at all events."

After speaking of income and expenditure generally, the Council's Report proceeds to treat more specifically of the various operations carried on during the past year at the two establishments in Hanover Square and in the Regent's Park. In the former locality the business is of a more strictly scientific character. At the house in Hanover Square are held the bi-monthly meetings which have gained for the Zoological Society of London a worldwide reputation as a scientific body. The results of these assemblages are given to the world in certain publications well known to naturalists, called "Proceedings" and "Transactions," to which Professor Owen, Professor Huxley, and all the leading scientific naturalists of the day are active contributors. Here also is the Society's Library—a necessary adjunct to its operations, as, without its aid, the names of the animals in the menagerie could not be correctly determined. But the sums devoted to these branches of the Society's operations are but small compared with the expenditure incurred on the maintenance and extension of the establishment in the Regent's Park. Some years ago, this comprised a museum as well as a menagerie—a collection of preserved specimens, as well as a series of living ones. Seeing, however, that a State institution had undertaken part of the original programme of the Society, and was performing it in a way which the Society could not expect to rival, the former part of the plan was wisely given up, and it was determined to devote the whole resources of the Association towards the perfecting of the living series. In this, as is universally acknowledged, conspicuous success has been attained. Great as the exertions are which have been made in the sister institutions of Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Paris, the London Society has for many years possessed a much finer and more extensive collection of living animals than any of its Continental rivals. On the 31st of December last, as the Report of the Council informs us, there were 498 quadrupeds, 1,255 birds, and 105 reptiles in the Regent's Park Gardens—a number quite unequalled, we believe, in any similar establishment, and which appears to be gradually increasing year after year.

But the chief theme of that part of the Report which relates to the Regent's Park Gardens is the new permanent buildings with which it has been the policy of the present management to replace the inconvenient structures heretofore allotted to many of the most important animals. In none of these has greater or more merited success been attained than in the new monkey-house, which was completed in the autumn of last year. The idea of keeping these tender animals in a glass conservatory was one which at first sight seemed anything but promising. It was freely prophesied that the monkeys would be roasted in summer and frozen in winter, and that it would not be possible to keep such a building at a uniform temperature. Yet we believe that the precautions taken have rendered this apparent impossibility a very simple matter. Although an occasional temporary excess or diminution cannot be always avoided, a tolerably uniform temperature of from 60° to 70° has been kept up for more than nine months, during which frequent abnormal variations in the external atmosphere have taken place. Judging from the number of its visitors, as the Council remark in their Report, there can be no question that the building is one of the most attractive in the gardens. And, as regards the health and welfare of the monkeys themselves, it has proved to be an entire success. Specimens of the most delicate quadrupeds, such as the orang and chimpanzee, which no amount of care had previously succeeded in keeping alive beyond a few months, have remained in it in good health and condition throughout the late severe winter; and, in striking contrast to the constant mortality which prevailed in former years, but very few deaths have taken place in the whole series of quadrupeds since their removal to the new building. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the credit claimed by the Council for the great improvement thus effected in the gardens will be freely accorded to them. Nor, in its general conduct of affairs, does the present management of the Society seem to have been less successful. The large additions to the roll of members, the rapid augmentation of the income, and the continually increasing number of visitors to the gardens, tend alike to show the great prosperity of the Society, and the interest taken in its objects by the public at large.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

THE issue of the race for the Two Thousand Guineas has been a surprise worthy of the many unexpected incidents and sudden fluctuations of the market which preceded it. It was won by the French horse *Gladiateur*, who, although he has been trained at Newmarket under the very eyes of touts and tipsters, remained at almost an outside price until the day before the race. Let us, before proceeding further, express that appreciation which every one must feel of the cleverness with which the French conduct their racing business. There is an old saying on the Turf that a bad horse well managed is better than a good horse badly managed. The French have shown us that a good horse well managed is best of all. They proved at the Craven Meeting that they own the best four-year-old in training. They have won the Two Thousand Guineas; their chance of winning the Derby ought to be pretty good; and many people are

saying at this moment that the Chester Cup is a certainty for La Touques.

The sporting world had been instructed or amused by a full and particular account, which was published "on authority," of a trial between Broomielaw and Breadalbane. This trial was attended with all those precautions to ensure secrecy which experience has shown to be only useful for adorning the pages of sporting novels. The representative of Mr. Chaplin, who owns the horses, had, in the first place, to make his way unobserved from Lincolnshire to York. Of course touts have for the last two months been watching every movement, not only of Mr. Chaplin's horses and their trainer, but also of himself and his friends. However, the touts were successfully eluded, and York was reached without any danger of detection, except from one gentleman of hasty aspect who was encountered on the railway platform. The next thing to be done was to get from York to Malton unobserved, and this was accomplished by the simple expedient of hiring a postchaise to go somewhere else and changing the direction to the driver outside the town. Thus Mr. Chaplin's representative and his trainer were able to meet on a lonely Yorkshire wold, at two o'clock in the morning, without being exposed to the prying eyes of touts. Presently dark figures were seen approaching through the gloom. These were the horses, with their riders and attendants. But as yet the east was hardly streaked with red. "The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds" was not yet heard. So the party waited, still happily without detection, until there was light enough to bring off the trial; and, having concluded it, Mr. Chaplin's representative returned to York, where—and this seems particularly important—he had breakfast. He then started for Newmarket, so as to arrive in time for the first race of the Craven Meeting. The object of all this rapid travelling would seem to have been to let everybody at Newmarket know with the least possible delay the result of the profoundly secret trial. At any rate, it soon became generally reported that Broomielaw had beaten Breadalbane in their spin. The betting public, which had been infinitely perplexed by conflicting rumours as to these two horses, said to itself, "Here is a fact. A fact is a thing which we don't often meet with in our line of life; but here is one." Accordingly, the betting public concluded that, if it backed Broomielaw for the Two Thousand, it could not possibly do wrong, and after thus indulging for a night in the pleasant delusion that it had "spotted the winner" at last, the public was informed next day that Broomielaw had been struck out. The trials of other horses were less melodramatic in their arrangements, but the public learned as much or as little from them. The trial of *Ariel* came off on York racecourse, in the presence of almost as many people as usually witness the races. *Ariel* and his trial horses, accompanied by trainer and attendants, arrived from Malton at York by railway, in the broad light of day. It was only too well known everywhere that Bedminster had been tried favourably with *Argonaut*, who, after winning last week at Epsom, won again under the top-weight at Newmarket on Monday. Even the astute Frenchmen could not hope to disguise the fact that *Gladiateur* had performed well. It was reported that he had been tried with *Vivid*, who had shown himself to be in good form by running third to *Argonaut*. However, 15 or even 20 to 1 might have been had against *Gladiateur* in London on Monday evening, and it was only on the morning of the race that he came to a price which at all corresponded to the form in which he ran. The first favourite at noon was Bedminster, but Breadalbane, *Kangaroo*, and *Archimedes* were all confidently supported. *Liddington*, as well as *Zambesi*, had been seen and liked, and although it seemed extravagant to suppose that a horse which had no chance for the Derby could win the Two Thousand, yet *Liddington* was backed with a boldness which, however surprising, was in great part justified by the result.

About an hour before the race, a crowd of horsemen and pedestrians began to collect around the railings which enclose a space in front of the Ditch stables. The only favourite at that time visible was Bedminster, who was walking round and round the enclosure, while *Wells*, already dressed in Sir Joseph Hawley's colours, surveyed his "mount" and things in general with a radiant confidence of aspect which must have been highly gratifying to Bedminster's backers. The horse is a nice animal enough, but he puts his off fore foot to the ground as if all were not quite right there. Presently the two French horses, *Gladiateur* and *Le Mandarin*, arrive, and soon after the first glimpse of a white-faced chestnut in the gateway proclaims the brother of *Blair Athol*. It is somewhat hard upon unspoken country gentlemen to take note of the praises which they bestowed upon a horse which did not win. Yet there was plausibility, if not truth, in a comparison which was drawn between Breadalbane, who did not, and *Gladiateur*, who did win the Two Thousand Guineas. In the former you see strength and symmetry combined. The step is light and the whole frame elastic. In the latter, when looked at with an unprophetic eye, there is seen a coarse ungainly horse, not wanting, however, in propelling power. Such a horse might improve upon one very much if he were looked at after running a race, and particularly after winning it. But at this moment he walks a mere common animal by the aristocratic Breadalbane's side. It cannot be said that Bedminster suffers much as regards beauty by comparison even with Breadalbane, but we see by it that he wants size to make a likely winner of a great race. *Liddington* and *Zambesi* enter the enclosure shortly after, and certainly, if we did not know that the former had been tried and found wanting, it would be easy to

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believe that here was the horse that would win the Derby. Zambesi has no fault but that which every one agrees is fatal—that there is not enough of him. Somebody remarks upon the value of the horses about to run as estimated by the prices that have been paid for them. There is Breadalbane, who cost half, or more than half, of the £1,000 paid for him and Broomielaw. Close at hand walks Kangaroo, for whom it was reported that £6,000 was paid after he beat Koenig and others at the Craven Meeting. We venture to think that Kangaroo has now got into company too good for him, for, although he cost as much money as Breadalbane, he will not bear looking at on the same day. But now Custance mounts Breadalbane, and puts him into a canter which pleases even better than his walk, so far as it can be seen, which indeed is not very far. Some hundreds of irregular cavalry are scattered over the plain in hot pursuit of various cantering favourites, while other horsemen are riding at best speed towards the ring, in hope of turning to profit the observations which they have just made. If any pedestrian gets in their way, so much the worse for that pedestrian. There is, however, one point where you may take your stand without having to keep yourself in a perpetual state of preparation to receive—as well as you can—cavalry, and that is the starting-post. And now the eighteen runners for the Two Thousand are mustering in near view. Here is Archimedes, a good enough looker and goer, but wearing boots like Cambuscan when he found the ground too hard for him last year at Epsom. The ground to-day is hard enough to test the soundness of the legs of every horse in the race. Lord Stamford's jacket is now worn by Aldcroft, so that Archimedes is not likely to lose for want of trying. There is Ariel, who comes from Whitewall with the usual bloom upon him, and looking altogether a nice horse. But neither the art of John Scott nor of anybody else could make Rifle look a nice horse, and we own with regret that Lord Glasgow has nothing at all like General Peel in the race this year. Chattanooga, the winner of the Criterion, has been, ever since the racing season began, a theme of constant controversy. It was asserted, denied, and reasserted that he was a roarer. Last night as much as 50 to 1 was laid against him, and this morning he was struck out. In his absence, Challoner shows Mr. Naylor's colours on Lazzaretto. The observer has had the advantage of a "tip," to the effect that if any outsider wins it will be Lazzaretto; but not even our admiration of Challoner's riding—when he has anything to ride—can inspire the smallest belief in the possibility of Lazzaretto having a particle of chance. The primrose and cherry of Macaroni is out of all form this year. Chattanooga won the Criterion last autumn like a racehorse, and was backed accordingly, and now his backers may get what consolation they can out of the current pun that he was "chat-and-no-go." While these observations are being made, several false starts occur. A horse of which we never heard before, called Cedric, makes a well-meant attempt to get rid of his jockey, and, failing in the effort, becomes tractable. Breadalbane gallops as far as anything in one of these false starts, but that is merely for the fun of it, and the horse is otherwise very quiet and properly behaved. Indeed they are, on the whole, a singularly sober lot of three-year-olds, and fit company, most of them, for any drawing-room. The false starts are due to the anxiety of jockeys to get well off rather than to any particular insubordination among the horses. The start, when effected, was a very fair one. Liddington, in the centre, was the first to show in front, while Breadalbane lay on his left, with Gladiateur between them.

And now let us look at the race from the other end, where the time consumed in a series of false starts passes much more heavily. The race had been fixed for 3.45 P.M., but it was considerably after four when it was run. The weary interval was employed in different ways by different persons, according to disposition. One took the opportunity of fixing his hat securely on his head, for the wind was boisterous and the hat required constant attention; another removed the dust from his eyes, in case he might thus be enabled to use his glasses and discern the cause of delay; another, who had foolishly visited Newmarket for pleasure alone, bewailed the form of race-courses where the spectator could not see both starting-post and winning-post at the same time; another sat doggedly down, burying his face in his hands and moaning audibly; and nearly everybody, after declaring with glee that the horses were off, was obliged despondently to recall his words. But the difficulties which had been created either by the skittishness of some merely ornamental filly, or the zealous endeavours of Pantaloons and Le Mandarin's jockeys to do their duty of making running for Kangaroo and Gladiateur, were at last got over, and the horses were actually off. It was not easy to distinguish anything at first; there were clouds of dust enveloping both horses and men. Colour was of little account; the yellow and black of Mr. Merry and the "all rose" of Mr. Chaplin were undiscernible. One horse, however, was clearly in front of the rest; it was probably Pantaloons, making the running. Soon the others, or many of the others, came up with him, and on the winning side of the bushes overhauled him. And then it seemed that another horse, with white upon his forehead, took a decided lead. This was undoubtedly Breadalbane, and a shout was raised that Breadalbane would win. The splendid action of the horse as he rushed down the slope showed like the second Blair Athol which had been promised us; but, as he mounted the succeeding and concluding slope, it was evident that he had enough. He was passed by Gladiateur, Archimedes, Liddington, and Zambesi. The French horse was closely pressed by

Archimedes, who was brought up by Aldcroft in his usual determined style, and ran the winner to a neck. Liddington was ridden home for a place; the little Zambesi was close up with his big comrade, and Breadalbane ran a good fifth. Indeed, the five leaders were so well together that, except as regards the actual winner, different spectators might have placed them differently. Everything else was distinctly outpaced, and it appears that Wells had to get to work on Bedminster rather early. The pace was severe, the ground terribly hard, and the finish well contested. No bad horse could have won that race, and we can only say that the winner requires a very experienced eye to appreciate his quality.

After seeing this race run, it is natural to review with some particularity the winner's antecedents. Gladiateur, a French-bred colt by Monarque, winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1857, came out last October for the Clearwell Stakes at Newmarket, which he won. This in itself was a good performance; but in the same week, carrying 6 lbs. penalty, he was beaten by Bedminster for the Prendergast Stakes; and a fortnight later, carrying the same penalty, he was beaten by Chattanooga for the Criterion Stakes. The winners of the Prendergast and Criterion have been accounted for in this article; but the winner of the Clearwell, after retiring into an obscurity not perhaps altogether disagreeable, surprises many of us by winning the Two Thousand. Two defeats usually go far to obliterate one victory, and, amid all that has been written about Derby horses during the winter, Gladiateur received only a small share of notice. It must, however, be observed, in justice to the critics, that they had of late spoken with respect of Gladiateur's chance for the Derby, although thinking that he would not be ready for the Two Thousand. The important question now arises whether Gladiateur will win the Derby; and the remark is not wholly valueless that, if he does, he will have to do it in spite of starting at a short price. It was almost a matter of course that the result of the Two Thousand should be to make Gladiateur first favourite, and Archimedes second favourite, for the Derby. The difficulty is to say where we can find a horse whose pretensions deserve to be compared with theirs. Kangaroo did so badly in the race that he will be of no use to try The Duke, and it is difficult to see how otherwise his owner can get out of him the money which he has cost. It would ordinarily be idle to think further of a horse's chance for the Derby after being beaten as Breadalbane was on Tuesday. But undoubtedly the horse wanted more time than he has had to prepare, and we should have said a month ago that Breadalbane was a good thing for the Derby, but not for the Two Thousand. The winter in the north has been more severe than in the south, so that Breadalbane has had less time than some other horses to be got ready, while he is a big horse who would want as much time as any. If the famous trial is to be relied on, Broomielaw may be good enough to win the Derby, but we cannot think that a trial which took place nearly three weeks ago has much to do with a race which is to come off three weeks hence. On the whole, we should say that at this moment the Derby is a very open race.

THE INSTITUTE OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

In dealing with this season's exhibitions, it is our wish to take the more conspicuous instances of successful work, and analyse them in such detail as space permits, trying to mark out the characteristics of the leading artists, and dwelling especially on those—at all times necessarily rare men, from the days when Phidias towered over Hellenic sculpture, downwards—who have a definite originality or poetical power of their own. Instances of conspicuous failure must also, to our pain and grief, be noticed, though we shall seek to confine this portion of the criticism to those productions in painting, and more especially in sculpture, which, through unreasoning popularity or fashionable patronage, appear to be doing injury to English art. Nothing but the truth must be the motto of any honestly meaning judge; yet he is not bound, like a witness, to tell all the truth—having a fair right to hold back individual censures, in particular where poor work, or bad work, is not in a position to cause active mischief to public taste. And the large amount of descriptive writing about our exhibitions which is now put forth in England, with the generally sound quality of the criticisms, allows us to pass over minor currents of meritorious art, or to leave them for occasional notice. Only, if we are thus silent on much that probably will sufficiently recommend itself to spectators, we hope that the omission may be attributed to a plan which involves it, and not to any intentional disparagement. Indeed, so far as criticism has any power at all, the analysis of the main features of contemporary art will benefit all "good men and true" alike, should it succeed in putting a reader into the way of looking at art, not as a mere passing pleasure, but as an object of delightful study; and one, also, subject to laws, not of caprice or taste in the tongue and gullet sense, but resting on knowledge of natural fact and its intellectual reproduction. Something nature gives us, and something we confer on nature; and in proportion as the nature is pure, and the mind powerful, will be the excellence of that which results from their co-operation.

Some weeks since, we noticed briefly that the water-colour artists not included in the two well-known Societies had established an exhibition of their own, where they make so creditable a muster, in point both of numbers and of merit, as to prove that though we have no longer a Turner or a David Cox, nor anything

exactly to take their place, yet the most English of arts is not languishing among us. It is chiefly in landscape that these favourable symptoms are shown; and whether this be a temporary or an enduring phase of the modern mind, whether it prove weakness or strength—on which points there are many fertile suggestions in Mr. Ruskin's well-known book—we must accept it as the main fact in our water-colours, and not expect that a corresponding or compensating degree of power will be shown in figure-subjects until that somewhat too self-dependent and irregular system of study which has hitherto marked the English school has been corrected or invigorated by a severer training for those who can profit by it. The "Institute," known formerly as the "New Society," whilst it displays much clearer proofs this year than the Old Society of the advancing spirit just commented on, also displays this advance most conspicuously under the same limitations. We think it will be conceded that Mr. Corbould is here the main representative of the older style of figure-painting; and though the fashion of this, with the admiration of it, rather lingers like a tradition than commands us, yet it is fair to add that he is in several ways a representative whose work explains a reputation of very long standing. The older school has, indeed, always retained something of the Annual spirit. Subjects from the romantic school in poetry and fiction have been its favourites, and with them we have had too great an insistence upon dress, and too mechanical a reproduction of details. But in Mr. Corbould the drawing, if not animated, is careful and studied; and if such a subject as that which he has here chosen from Scripture ("Christ and the Woman of Samaria") lies altogether beyond his range, yet he has had a larger, although not a complete, success in his scene from *Elaine*. To treat this as he has treated it requires an effort after thought and feeling; and this at once places work of the kind above the vacant pictures of mere sensuous beauty, such as those by Mr. Jopling and Mr. Burton, unless these were elevated by a technical merit very much higher than they possess. Mr. Jopling, however (Mr. Burton belongs to the other institution), exhibits some Eastern sketches which promise well. There is a tone about his "Arab Café at Beni-Aicha in Algeria," which looks very true to local effect; and this quality of atmospheric truth is one which even accomplished artists (witness Mr. Roberts) are often found to have left behind them when they elaborate within the studio the sketches taken under foreign skies.

There is a certain hardness—an impression given as if entire sympathy with the subject were absent—in the children whom Miss Farmer paints with increasing accuracy and general skill. Perhaps, in the extremely difficult effort to hit the just medium between sketchiness and over-elaboration, her conscientious aim at accuracy inclines her work to the safer side of finish. With a little more warmth and relief, her "Children picking Currants" (in what prize-garden do such fine currants grow?) would leave little to desire. It is carefully drawn, well grouped, and pretty in expression. There is also much sound painting in Mr. Wehnert's large scene from the life of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. The head of the enthusiast has a wild force, not without a certain beauty, and the imminent risk of sentimental exaggeration has been escaped; although, amongst a well characterized group of village spectators, we could wish that the repentant girl at the preacher's feet had been less demonstratively treated. An "Oyster Stall at Hastings" (C. Green) should not be overlooked; and Mr. Harrison Weir, if he will allow us to class his excellent birds and fruitpieces with the figure-subjects, contributes several notable specimens.

The view of a "Stronghold on the Coast of Pembrokeshire" (276) has been hung rather too high, not for effect, but for satisfactory examination. Moreover, we do not remember another example of Mr. Penson's work, and for these reasons we cannot attempt to speak of his powers as an artist from the larger grounds of experience which most of his colleagues offer. Judging, however, from this drawing, they must be rated high. The sky has a somewhat crude and thin appearance, but it is treated with manifest originality and immediate reference to nature, and these qualities are marked as distinctly on the rest of the work. The rocks are beautifully drawn and discriminated; and the unmistakeable tone and surface which give to an ancient castle are strongly preserved. This picture is also a noteworthy instance of a design treated throughout in large masses, without emptiness of effect—a style which is now comparatively rare among us. Something of the same manner appears in the carefully-studied "Pine-grove at Frascati" by Mr. Cromeek, and in the architectural drawing of Mr. Simonau.

Mr. Sutcliffe's art, more than that of any other landscape painter, in this Institute, is marked by poetical feeling. His style, perhaps a little too apt to verge on sombreness, shows breadth and power, and the natural detail is faithfully studied. The "Yew Trees, Brignal Banks," and "Above Airy Force" are good examples; in the latter the slight gleam upon some near bushes on the right has been skilfully used to light up the drawing. Mr. Shalderas has the merit of combining sentiment for landscape, and capital general distribution of light and shade, with the thorough delineation of animals. This union is not frequent in English art, which too often chooses to treat sheep or cattle in the spirit of the Islington prize exhibition, and to paint the horse as if in view of Fores' racing series. The two drawings of cattle reposing in cool shade, whilst beyond and about them we see the summer light and warmth on breaks in the woodland, are excellent. Mr. Philp, like Mr. Hook, appears to have taken the Cornish coast as his portion. This he illustrates with a true and tender sense of its singular picturesqueness—combining

a warm rich sea with a wild coast line, which yet, wherever the rocks allow, is ready to burst into rich vegetation. It is difficult to select examples from the number which he sends, all pleasing and unaffected. Sympathizing with Mr. Philp's industry and talent as we do, we may allow ourselves to add that a more thorough completion of his graceful sketches might very largely increase their value. Mr. Hine's power over atmospheric effects, with a consequent breadth and harmony of result, is considerable. The haze, passing from yellow through purple to the blue of daylight sky, which covers his "Dorsetshire Down at Evening" (218), is beautifully managed. In his view at Bexhill he has given the sun sinking over the wide sea and long bay, crowded by its pale martello-tower, with a calm serenity (though not yet with a force) which reminds us of Mr. Boyce. The "Corfe Castle" and "Ferry at Littlehampton" exhibit the same treatment, which must be watched lest the effect should pass into mannerism through too frequent repetition. Mr. Hine's "Durlstone Head" and "Old Mill" should also be studied. The rain-clouds in the former, almost diffused in mist, but retaining their darker edges, and the deepening colour in the grass on the right, where the storm approaches, are beautiful touches. There is much skill, and a harmonious grace, in the large view from Richmond Hill by Bennett. Mr. Reed's Welsh valley seems rather wanting in concentration of effect and subject, in comparison with the careful drawing of mountain forms which distinguishes the artist.

In contrast with the qualities displayed by Messrs. Penson, Hine, and Sutcliffe, stand those with which Mr. E. Warren has familiarized visitors to the Institute. His are the minute and often the admirably faithful studies of tree-form—or rather of the beech, which Mr. Warren worships with Saxon persistency—the clear, keen, blue skies, the bright foregrounds of multitudinous but unmysterious detail, the figures too well drawn and too prominent for the eye not to dwell on them, yet rarely felt to be in essential and imaginative congruity with the landscape. There is high value in work of this nature, although the admiration of its dexterity is apt to pall; and whilst we cannot rank it as poetical, yet such is the force of any careful reproduction of well-selected nature that no one would call it prosaic. It is like poetry in a good unmetrical translation. In his chief drawing—"The First Notes of the Cuckoo"—and elsewhere, Mr. Warren shows a disposition to enlarge the field of his designs; and we hope that the success of the attempt may encourage him to persevere in it.

Some striking paintings by Mr. Telbin, Mr. Vacher, and Mr. Werner may, lastly, be grouped together rather because they present us with carefully wrought scenes from the East—that is, Syria and Egypt, beyond which our artists at present rarely go—than from identity of talent. The little port of Beyrouth by the last-named artist, with its Moresco house doing service as the "Hotel d'Europe," and suffering thereby a singular transformation, is the most interesting. Considering the actual distance, the snowy top of Mount Lebanon appears very close upon the spectator—an effect with which mountain regions first startle, and then familiarize us.

REVIEWS.

ATALANTA IN CALYDON.*

ANY one who has tried, whether by way of a school or college exercise or for his own pleasure, to compose a poem or an essay in one of the classical languages, must remember how forcibly he was led, in such an attempt, to realize the unspeakable differences in thought and feeling which separate the ancient world from ourselves. In reading a Greek poet or philosopher, we surrender ourselves for the time being to his influence, appear to breathe the same atmosphere, and to see things in the colours which they wore to his eyes. But the moment we cease to be passive, and endeavour either to imagine what a Greek would have said on a given subject, or, taking our own thoughts upon it, to throw them into the form which they would have assumed under his hands, we feel that it is not merely in form, nor even in our actual notions and beliefs, that we are unlike him, but rather in the habit and method of our minds. And if the thoughts we ascribe to him are, in truth, not modern, they are artificial, and all but meaningless to us. If they are modern and genuine, the ancient dress with which we would clothe them is found to be stiff and unbecoming. As an exercise of ingenuity, the thing may be worth trying; but for the purposes either of art or of argument, it is almost sure to be a failure. Nevertheless, in spite of this, and indeed because of this, it is always well that the experiment should be made, and those who, like Mr. Swinburne, make it boldly and cleverly deserve no small credit.

Atalanta in Calydon is an attempt to reproduce a Greek tragedy in its ideas as well as its form, to some extent even in its metres—an attempt necessarily chargeable with faults and weaknesses, yet still one of the most brilliant that our literature contains. Mr. Swinburne has judged well in his choice of a subject. The legend of Calydon is one of the most beautiful in the whole compass of the Greek mythology; fresh, simple, romantic; solemn and pathetic, yet without any of those horrors which shock us in the stories of Thebes or Argos—no *Jocasta*, no *Thyestes*, but figures full of

* *Atalanta in Calydon*. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Edward Moxon & Co. 1865.

heroic truth and nobleness, standing out in the clear bright light of the early morning of Greece. Then, although very popular among the ancients, as one may see from the frequent representations of its scenes in works of art, it does not form the subject of any extant Greek tragedy, so that a modern may treat of it without being forced into direct comparison with an ancient poet. Mr. Swinburne has been sensible of his advantages, and has used them well. His faculty of imitation is in some respects very surprising. A careful study of the Attic dramatists has enabled him to catch their manner, and to reproduce felicitously many of their terms of expression. The scholar is struck, every few lines, by some phrase which he can fancy a direct translation from the Greek, while yet it is in its place both forcible and unaffected. The matter, although not really Greek in its essence, is thrown with great cleverness into a mould which almost beguiles us into forgetting the author, and imagining that we are listening to one of the contemporaries of Euripides who sought to copy the manner of Aeschylus. That moralizing vein of Greek tragedy, which is not free from dash of platitude, is very well given, and we hear, as is fitting, a great deal about fate, and the elder gods, and the weakness of mortals, and the duty of submission, and fire, and blood, and Até the unconquerable, yet so managed as not to be a parody, but a veritable and tasteful imitation. Nevertheless, while admiring the skill and the sympathy which Mr. Swinburne has shown, we cannot but mark serious deficiencies. Some of these are due, not specially to himself, but to the very nature of his attempt. An imitation must always lack what is the highest charm of poetry and the truest mark of genius—the rare and native flavour of originality. What we really want to hear a man say is that which he alone can say; and this, in copying other people, he cannot say, or must say with contortions and posturings which go far to spoil it altogether. Mr. Swinburne has a lively fancy and a gay profusion of expression which accord ill with the solemn and severe stateliness of Attic tragedy, and, in the effort to acquire what may be called its sacrificial procession step, he is forced to check and lose many of his peculiar excellencies. We say "effort to acquire," for he has not, after all, acquired it. He has an intense sympathy with the Greek dramatists, and a full perception of their grandeur and purity, as well as of the exquisite finish of their workmanship. He has, further, a strong and fine sense of beauty, although, as we conceive, rather the beauty of visible things than of sounds, or feelings, or ideas. But his mind is cast in a mould most unlike the Greek. A Greek poet is never confused, nor are his thoughts obscure, although they may seem so when they hint at something without wishing or being able to follow it out. It is his tendency to dwell upon insoluble problems, not a want of light and force in his own mind, that makes us think Aeschylus difficult. Himself, although in an inferior degree to Sophocles, he is definite, precise, subtle; his ideas are single and separate, often delicately interwoven in a complex web of thought, while yet each thread retains its individual colour, and is not blended undistinguishably in the whole. Modern habits of thinking and writing want this clear singleness, and Mr. Swinburne is wholly a modern. His images, metaphors, and allusions are heaped upon one another in a wild prodigal way which reminds us of Shelley or Browning more than of any ancient poet; he lays on stroke after stroke of colour till the last obliterate the first, and we are bewildered among thick-coming sensations. His metaphors are not often incongruous, but they follow so fast as to be confusing, and it is seldom that any distinct and vivid impression is left on the reader's mind. We will take an instance or two where the parts are good, but the effect of the whole is injured by this luxuriance. The chief huntsman, at the beginning of the poem, addresses the rising sun:—

Let earth
Laugh, and the long sea, fury from thy feet,
Through all the roar and ripple of streaming springs,
And foam in reddening flakes and flying flowers,
Shaken from hands and blown from lips of nymphs,
Whose hair or breast divides the wandering wave,
With salt close tresses cleaving lock to lock,
All gold, or shuddering and unshivered snow.

Half of this would be better than the whole. So, again, Castor and Pollux are called

Gracious heads,
Like kindled lights in tempestuous heaven;
Fair flower-like stars on the iron foam of fight.

Here we seem to see the images absolutely elbowing each other out of the way.

This profusion, a quality least of all to be found in a classical poet, has two unfortunate results. Mr. Swinburne has so many things to compare everything to, that he becomes almost prolix; he runs on dilating upon a theme till, as the proverb says, we cannot see the wood for the trees. He is not content to make a point and be done with it. The instance we will give is far from being a flagrant one, but it is worth taking because it is meant to imitate a passage of Homer which Tennyson also has paraphrased in a piece which every one knows. First let us give Homer's lines from the fourth book of the *Odyssey*:—

Σοὶ δὲ οὐδὲ Σιοραρόν τερι, διορεισίς ω Μενίλατος,
Ἄργην ἵντεπότερη Σανίνην καὶ πότρον ἴσταπειν:
Ἄλλα δέ οὐκ Ἡλέσιν πειλον καὶ πιράτα γαῖης
Ἄθλαντος πιρφανεῖν, οὐδὲ ξανθὸς Ραδάμαντες,
Τῷ περ ῥητηρὶ βασική πλέον ἀνθρώπουσιν
Οὐ γηρότος, οὐδὲ ὑπεριπών πολίς, οὐτε ποτὲ ὄμβρος,

Ἄλλα δέ Ζεφύρος λιγυκτιοντας ἀίρετος
Οὐσαρές ἀντίστην, ἀναψήσειν ἀνθρώποτον.

Next, Tennyson:—

I am going a long way
To the island valley of Avalon,
Where falls not rain or hail or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies,
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bower hollows crowned with summer sea.

Last, Mr. Swinburne:—

Immortal honour is on them, having passed
Through splendid life and death desirable,
To the clear seat and remote throne of souls,
Lands indiscernable in the unheard-of West,
Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea
Rolls without wind for ever, and the snow
There shows not her white wings and windy feet,
Nor thunder nor swift rain saith anything,
Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and thrive.

Mr. Swinburne's lines are good, although they do not equal the voluptuous dreamlike ease of the Laureate's version; but how he has amplified upon his model! Πιπάρα γαῖης is expressed thrice over by "remote throne," "lands indiscernable," "unheard-of West." The line beginning Οὐ παρές is represented by three. Homer's last two lines here are one of the finest instances of that power which only the greatest poets possess, but which all poets should diligently strive after, of creating a picture by a touch. There is more in them than pages of brilliant description like Mr. Swinburne's could convey.

The second error into which Mr. Swinburne's luxuriant fancy leads him is that of too frequently repeating, not perhaps the same images, but at any rate images of the same class. The stock of things in the world which can be made to yield similes is, after all, not inexhaustible, and if every line is to contain a new figure, it needs a wonderfully acute and fertile mind to prevent the same or similar ones from recurring. Thus, through the poem, we have a sense of flowers, stars, sea foam, wine, thunder, and fire, which grows at last a little fatiguing, and blunts the force of each particular image.

We might go on to quote passages where Mr. Swinburne's ideas, as well as his poetical style, are unclassical, examining in particular a fine choral song upon the dealings of the gods with men, the pious and the impious parts of which it would have been equally impossible for a Greek to write. But we prefer to hasten on to say a word or two upon Mr. Swinburne's merits as a poet, apart from those which he may claim as an imitator. The general plan and character of the drama are so largely determined by the desire to follow closely the practice of the Greeks, that it is not fair to censure Mr. Swinburne for defects so caused. Yet we cannot but think that the story might have been made more interesting. It was not with the ancients, as it is now, the tragedian's first business to let his portraits be vividly lifelike; yet to any sort of dramatic success a measure of individualization is necessary, and that measure we scarcely find here. Meleager is described finely, but throws none of his character into his words. Toxeus and Plexippus are lay figures. Atalanta herself—Atalanta, one of the brightest and loveliest creations of Greek legend, and who reminds us less of a Greek maiden than of some heroine of medieval romance—is, in Mr. Swinburne's hands, pure indeed and stately, yet at the same time colourless and cold as her own Arcadian snows. Althaea is better, yet even Althaea seems to us, if we may use the expression, insufficiently studied. Mr. Swinburne has not thought hard enough or long enough upon the meaning of the tale, and the forces that moved its personages; else would he, with his cleverness and power of expressing passionate thought, have made us sympathize more with Meleager's love, and made his mother's deed at once more terrible and more pitiable. He would have shown that she relit the fateful torch not merely in wrath at her brothers' death, nor to honour their spirits by a revenge which was their meed, nor under a wild belief that fate willed it so and it must be so, but from the irresistible temptation of having, or seeming to have, her son's life in her hand. She believed, but she did not realize to herself the truth of, the Fates' prophecy; she half reasoned, in her passion, that if his life would end with the torch, such a power over him must have been given her to be exercised now; that, if not, no harm could happen; that at least she might and must put it to the proof. Mr. Swinburne, as we believe, sees all this, but he sees it somewhat dimly, and has not made of it what he might.

When we come to speak of the execution and details of the poem, we may praise him more unhesitatingly. His fancy is lively, his sense of beauty rich and delicate, his thoughts too vague perhaps, yet always ingenious and sometimes full of force. On the whole, however, it is by his command of poetical language and his power of light and harmonious versification that we are chiefly attracted and delighted. Let us quote two passages.

Here is the second song of the Chorus:—

Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran,
Pleasure with pain for leaves,
Summer with flowers that fell,
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell.
And the high gods took on hand
Fire and the falling of tears

And a measure of sliding sand,
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and birth.
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife,
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin.
They gave him light in his ways
And love and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaleth;
In his heart is a blind desire;
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap:
His life is a watch or a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep.

The lines that follow are from the *couplet* between Oeneus, Meleager, Atalanta, and the Chorus at the end of the poem:

MELEAGER.
But thou, O mother,
The dreamer of dreams,
Wilt thou bring forth another
To feel the sun's beams,
When I move among shadows a shadow, and wail by impassable streams?

OENEUS.
Who shall give back
The face of old years,
With travail made black,
Grown grey among fears:
Mother of sorrow, mother of cursing, mother of tears?

ATALANTA.
I would that as water
My life's blood had thawn,
Or as winter's wan daughter
Leaves lowland and lawn

Spring-stricken, or ever my eyes had beheld thee made dark in thy dawn.

Lyrical passages such as these, where the poet can give free rein to his fancy, please us better than the dialogue parts of the drama, in which we complain of a certain indistinctness of thought, and an occasional languor of expression. There is too little of the nerve and fibre of passion in the words; too much of mere ornament and play of picturesque ideas. Yet even in these less animated parts of the poem many fine passages occur, from among which we select one as an example of Mr. Swinburne's descriptive style. He is, indeed, never more happy than in painting nature, knowing and loving her well, and inspired by her beauty into a vivid force and fulness of expression:—

And chieliest when hoar beach and herbless cliff
Stood out ahead from Colchis, and we heard
Cleft hoarse with wind, and saw through narrowing rocks
The lightning of the intolerable wave
Flash, and the white wet flame of breakers burn
Far under a kindling south-wind, as a lamp
Burns and bends all its blowing flame one way;
Wild heights untravelled of the wind, and vales
Cloven seaward by their violent streams, and white
With bitter flowers and bright salt sourf of brine;
Heard sweep their sharp swift gales, and bowing birdwise
Shrike with birds' voices, and with furious feet
Tread loose the long skirts of a storm; and saw
The whole white Euxine clash together and fall
Full-mouthed and thunderous from a thousand throats.

In criticising Mr. Swinburne's work we have cared less to indulge in praise than to point out defects, just because his drama seems to us so full of promise that even present merits ought to be regarded rather as an earnest of the future than dwelt upon as though they were sufficient. Those merits are, however, very considerable, and no one who reads *Atalanta in Calydon* can doubt that its author is a poet—a poet of great grace, flexibility, and power of expression. Our only complaint is that he trusts too much to this power, and allows his command of spirited and melodious language to carry him along faster than his thought can follow. Shelley, too, is brilliant and fanciful, but Shelley can be severe on occasion; his language is always strong and his thought passionate. It is in this sort of strength and passion that the drama before us is somewhat deficient, and without it no first-rate work can ever be done. Facility is the most perilous of gifts, yet we believe that time and labour will, to use one of his own metaphors, give Mr. Swinburne strength of stem and wealth of fruit, as well as the pride of leaves and blossoms; and it is with real pleasure that we welcome him to an honourable place among the younger poets of England.

ENGLISH WRITERS BEFORE CHAUCER.

MR. MORLEY'S volume looks, at first sight, a formidable addition to the existing mass of English writings after Chaucer; but it is well worth reading. It comprises the foundation and ground story, so to speak, of a work upon the whole sequence of English literature, planned for completion in three volumes, each of which is also to form an independent and separately-indexed book. The undertaker of such an enterprise must be a bold man if he can say that nothing shall force or tempt him out of the limits of his plan. If carried out with the same spirit and on the same scale as the volume already published, the complete work will undoubtedly form a valuable contribution towards the story of the growth of the literary mind of England, told as a national biography of continuous interest. The portion now before us gives a general introductory sketch of the several periods into which English literature may be divided with reference to the dominant influences successively moulding its character and form, and a detailed account of the writers of the first period, or those before Chaucer. The researches of Anglo-Saxon scholars mainly within our own times, the publications of various literary societies—often, as Mr. Morley remarks, containing “the fruit of a life's study in an unassuming preface that obtains only the honour due to it from a too small circle of experts”—and the re-issue of old chronicles and memorials of English history under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, have combined in producing a mass of material for digestion into a coherent narrative of our literary growth in that period, to which earlier compilers had no such easy access.

The several periods into which this growth may be divided are enumerated by Mr. Morley as follows:—1. The formation of the language, ending with Chaucer. 2. The period of Italian influence, felt even in Chaucer's day. 3. That of French influence, of which the beginning is marked by a change in the style of Dryden. 4. That of English popular influence, dating from Defoe, and slightly tinged by German influence as the literature of Germany developed its strength in a cognate language. It would indeed be pedantic to draw the dividing line between any consecutive periods too sharply. Foreign literary influence is felt before it can be seen, and it must be felt still longer before it can be recognised as reproducing in any distinct shape the peculiarities of the influencing literature. It is only when the chords of a changing piece of music have thoroughly gathered themselves up into accordance with a fresh key that we can say what is the newly dominant note. For the purposes, however, of convenient classification, Mr. Morley's general scheme of four periods is as useful as it is substantially founded on truth. But, under every change of taste, thought, and style brought about by the influence of historical events, personal character or caprice, or apparently simple chance, the characteristic English mind is to be seen, by Mr. Morley and those who will look with him, “underlying through all generations for more than a thousand years the most distinct diversities of manner.” If it were not so, Mr. Morley's field of study would be less important and less satisfactory than it is, even though his work were enriched, as at present, with an infinity of interesting literary and philological detail.

In these days, when almost everybody can write more or less well and get more or less well paid for his writing, and when the distress of English literary merit is relieved by the special machinery of a Royal Literary Fund, it is curiously interesting to go back in thought with Mr. Morley to the conditions under which English writing took its earliest forms. The limited constitutional monarchy of which we are the contented subjects is not more unlike the rule of a British or Saxon chief than the social and literary relations of a modern English author are to those of an ancient bard. A Court Laureate now-a-days is crowned with bays, and provided with sack, because he has achieved the profitable success of persuading the critics and the people that he is the greatest poet of the day. The gleeman or Scop who sang before a Pagan chieftain had no popular or critical taste to appeal to, and was practically restricted to the topics of a victorious prowess, or a princely munificence, that would please his sovereign patron. The singing of Taliesin would have resulted in nothing but starvation if it had not pleased “Urien who thrusts”—“Urien who conquers”—“Urien who shouts”—“Urien the provider of wine, and meal, and mead.” The whole basis of his literary inspiration is honestly stated in the opening of one of his songs:—

The broad spoils of the spear reward my song, Delivered before the bright smiling hero. The most resolute of chieftains is Urien. No peaceful trificker is he: Clamorous, loud-shouting, shrill, mighty, and highly exalted. Eagle of the land, very keen is thy sight. I have made a request for a mettled steed, The price of the spoils of Taliesin.

Nor was the chieftain exempt from the changeable caprices of a modern public, nor was his tickleness of taste less ruinous to the needy poet. The “Lament of Deor” runs as follows:—

A sorrowing one sits deprived of happiness: in his mind it grows dark: he thinks to himself that his share of woes is endless. That I will say of myself, that I was for a while the Scop of the Heodenings, dear to my lord. Deor was my name. I had a good following, a faithful lord, for many winters: until that now Heorrenda, a song-crafty man, has obtained the landright, which the refuge of warriors gave to me before.

Mr. Morley remarks that in the great Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, to which in its present form he assigns the date of the

* *English Writers before Chaucer.* By Henry Morley. London: Chapman & Hall.

seventh or eighth century at latest, there are not more than five similes in six thousand lines. The *Niebelungen Lied* is open to the same criticism. The mind of the Saxon, as of the old German, marched, as Mr. Morley says, straight towards its purpose, and spoke plainly. The thoroughgoing earnestness which marked alike the deeds of the warrior and the words of his singer grew into a richer fruit when the conversion of Britain to Christianity had provided another refuge and a fresh encouragement for literary aspirations, away from the mead hall and rude court of the military patron. The Church took the deeper themes for poetry into her own hands. In the monastery of Whitby, the practice introduced by the Abbess Hilda of teaching the unlettered masses through Scriptural paraphrases, in short strongly marked verse, blossomed out speedily into the grand Biblical poem of *Cædmon*. Whether *Cædmon* was a man or a myth (a question which occupied and puzzled Sir Francis Palgrave) it is out of our province in these columns to discuss. Mr. Morley gives reasonable grounds for suspecting that the poem which was recovered in MS. by Archbishop Usher, and first printed as *Cædmon's* at Amsterdam in 1655, was familiar to Milton at the time of the composition of *Paradise Lost*. That some poet in the Whitby monastery, during the seventh century, sang of earth's creation and the origin of the human race, the history of *Genesis* and *Exodus*, and other Scriptural topics, is clear from the testimony of the Venerable Bede, who wrote within sixty years of the alleged death of the poet whose works he describes, and whom he calls *Cædmon*. The recovery of the manuscript poem corresponding to Bede's description, and intrinsically worthy of the reverence it appears to have won from its contemporaries, justifies us in believing in the existence of a *Cædmon*, at least as fully as the fact of the *Iliad* tends to prove the existence of a *Homer*. Whether his actual name were *Cædmon* or not may as well remain an open question, as whether his conception of Satan be not to the full as strong and picturesque as Milton's. The spirit which inspired the conception was at the least as earnest and reverently practical a zeal.

No analysis which could be compressed within our allotted space would give a fair consecutive summary of Mr. Morley's industriously compiled and well-written history. Glancing from the times of *Cædmon* and Bede to those of Henry II., we find in the portrait of *Giraldus Cambrensis* a noble specimen of the Church literary and militant. As Archdeacon of Brecon, in the see of St. David's, he bearded, while still young, the Bishop of St. Asaph on the question of a church claimed by either diocese, and successfully opposed force to force and excommunication to excommunication, till the intrusive bishop fled from the field. Nominated by the Chapter of St. David's as bishop on two successive vacancies, he travelled on the second occasion as a pedlar to Rome for consecration at the hands of the Pope, in defiance of the will of his temporal sovereign. His undoubted love for earnest and honest work, whether of the hand or the pen, is humorously illustrated by a quotation given in this volume from his *Welsh Itinerary*, showing his antipathy and contempt for Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous history of the Britons:—

There was in our time (says Gerald, who is going to knock down fiction with fact), a Welshman at Cærlion named Melerius, who, having always an extraordinary familiarity with unclean spirits, by seeing them, knowing them, talking with them, and calling each by his proper name, was enabled through their assistance to foretell future events. He knew when any one spoke falsely in his presence, for he saw the devil, as it were, leaping and exulting on the tongue of the liar. If the evil spirits oppressed him too much, the Gospel of St. John was placed on his bosom, when, like birds, they immediately vanished; but when that book was removed, and the *History of the Britons*, by Geoffrey Arthur, was substituted in its place, they instantly reappeared in greater numbers, and remained a longer time than usual on his body and on the book.

A high and broad common sense, and a strong distaste for obvious falsehood, were in *Giraldus de Barri* not incompatible with honest superstition of this kind. Towards the end of his life he expressed regret that he had written in Latin only, which was likely to confine the knowledge of his works to ecclesiastical readers; but it is illustrative of the time that he should have wished to be translated, not into English, but French. Yet the Latin of *Giraldus*, as well as that of his friend *Walter Map*, or *Mapes*, Archdeacon of Oxford, might well fall under some analogous description to that of "vigorous Continental English" which so well characterizes the Duke of Wellington's French despatches. The English mind shone through the foreign medium. Mr. Morley considers *Walter Map* as the highest literary genius, as well as one of the most practical ecclesiastical reformers, of England prior to Chaucer. An active and devout Churchman himself, he was also one of the most brilliant and bitter satirists of Church corruption and of monastic greediness and hypocrisy. Mr. Morley quotes a curious passage of arms between him and a neighbouring Abbot of Cistercian Benedictines, an order which had won his especial aversion. The Abbot was said to be very ill, whereupon Map visited him as a priest, and

Begged him, for the good of his soul, to put off the Cistercian habit. He should prepare for heaven, by abandoning the badge of guile and rapacity. The monk got well, and had his revenge. Map in his turn fell sick, and the Abbot came to give him spiritual consolation. He bade the Archdeacon repeat of all his lively jokes and clever tales, because for every idle word he would have an account to give, admonishing him also to resign the churches and prebendaries that he held in different bishoprics, seeing that he was only able to do duty in one, and to secure certain salvation by putting on the Cistercian habit. Whereupon Map summoned all his household into the room, and solemnly bade them claim him as a lunatic if ever in the course of his illness he should be so far gone as to ask to be made a Cistercian. Then he turned good-humouredly to the Abbot and begged him not to come unbidden upon that errand again.

The Abbot might very well have replied, with a courteous *tu quoque*, that no more did he require the unbidden exhortations of Map upon any future occasion.

By a remarkable instance of the caprice of fame, the writer who compiled the "Quest of the San Grail" and conceived the character of *Sir Galahad* is far more popularly known as the author of the universally favourite drinking-song—

Meum est propositum in taberna mori;

which, by a still odder inversion of the facts, is much more generally supposed to represent the cynical joviality of *Walter Map*, Archdeacon of Oxford, than understood to form part of a pungent satire upon an imaginary Bishop *Golias*, whose character, in Map's eyes, united all the typical vices of Church corruption in his own times. It is as though readers of the Liberal Tuscan poet *Giusti* should identify him with the confession of political faith which he puts into the mouth of his weathercock *Girella*, or his ideal scoundrel *Gingillino*.

Pointing to the vigour of the Welsh intellect during the first two centuries after the Conquest, exemplified in *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, *Gerald de Barri*, *Walter Map*, *Ordericus Vitalis*, *Layamon*, and the Prince of Powys, Mr. Morley remarks that, after the subjugation of Wales by Edward I., this intellectual energy ceased to exhibit itself so strongly. The field for an active and independent patriotism had been narrowed, by the acceptance of a foreign prince, into a small area for passive provincial vanity. We must turn north, to the land which still enjoyed what she had won at Bannockburn, to read so sterling and ringing a hymn to liberty as the famous lines from *Barbour's Bruce*:—

*A ! Fredome is a noble thing !
Fredome mayss man to haif liking :
Fredome all solace to man giftis :
He leuys at ese that frely leuys !
A noble hart may haif name ese
Na ellis nocht that my hir plese,
Gyf Fredome fallyie ; for fre liking
Is yharnyt (yearned for) our all othir thing.*

While *Barbour* was writing his *Brace* in Scotland, the *Vision of Piers Plowman* by *Langland* and *Wyclif's* translation of the *Bible* were the most legible and important signs of the strength and fervour with which the freedom and simplicity of English thought were struggling to find or form a fitting language for their full expression; and from *Langland* and *Wyclif* the story of English literature passes straight to the great name which closes Mr. Morley's first volume—*Geoffrey Chaucer*.

REYNOLDS' SYSTEM OF MODERN HISTORY.*

WITH what object Mr. Reynolds can have begun the somewhat ambitious undertaking which his titlepage and preface disclose we cannot guess in the least. He appears to be a clever man, and it is not unlikely that some years hence he may have gained some knowledge of history; but, by his own confession, he has not yet gained it, nor even put himself in the way to gain it. "The following pages do not contain the results of any original research." Then why should the following pages be written at all? Why should a man take upon himself to teach, when, by his own showing, he has not yet learned? Mr. Reynolds, by his own account, has read *Hallam*, *Gibbon*, *Milman*, and *Amédée Thierry*. He has also read *Guizot*, because he gives us a long extract from *Hincmar*, not straight out of the *Archbishop of Rheims* himself, but from "Hincmar, quoted by Guizot." Mr. Reynolds has done quite right in reading *Hallam*, *Gibbon*, *Milman*, *Thierry*, and *Guizot*; a large number of young men at Oxford do the same every year to their great advantage. The only difficulty is why, if Mr. Reynolds has read nothing more, he should take upon himself to write a book. If everybody who read *Hallam*, &c., wrote a book, the world would very soon come to the state suggested at the end of the fourth Gospel. And there really seems no reason why Mr. Reynolds should have written a book more than any other of his fellows. He has really nothing to tell us which everybody who has gone through the same stock of reading could not have told us just as well, while those of his brethren whose reading is more extensive—as, with many of them, we are happy to say it is—could have told us a good deal more. Mr. Reynolds has yet to learn the alphabet of historical study. He does not yet know that reading *Gibbon* and *Milman* is not, as he pompously calls it, "consulting authorities," though it is undoubtedly a most useful guide and help for those who are "consulting authorities." The only thing we can guess is that Mr. Reynolds' "system" has something to do with "the philosophy of history." His "system" will not differ from that recognised by scientific writers here and on the Continent." We dare say that we do not know so much as we ought to know of scientific writers, but we are quite sure that Mr. Reynolds' system will not be adopted by any accurate historical writer. Before a man can philosophize and systematize, he must know and understand his facts. But Mr. Reynolds does not know or understand his facts. In truth he despises facts. "A few errors of detail are comparatively of little moment." A few errors of detail in a large work are unavoidable, and are therefore excusable; but no error whatever can be truly said to be of little moment. Mr. Reynolds, however, by reading three modern English and two modern French books, has learned so much

* *System of Modern History. Part I. Rise of the Modern European System. By S. H. Reynolds, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1865.*

that, in his own eyes, he has nothing more to learn. "It is important for us now, not to endeavour to add to our store of knowledge, but to systematize what we possess already." Students who go a little deeper than Mr. Reynolds are generally somewhat less satisfied with their own store of knowledge, and not uncommonly spend their whole lives in endeavouring to add to it. And we may explain to him that such a process is by no means inconsistent with that of systematizing knowledge; possibly—though on such a subject we speak with fear and trembling—not inconsistent with that of philosophizing about it. Very likely a man who keeps on always increasing his store of knowledge may now and then change his system, or even change his philosophy. But what then? There is every chance that, if he changes, he will change for the better. Mr. Reynolds, who is quite satisfied with what he knows already, cuts himself off from that chance.

At what stage of a man's historical reading he should begin to systematize we do not presume to determine. But we are sure of this, that he must first understand his facts. And nothing is plainer than that Mr. Reynolds does not understand his facts. He has failed to grasp the one key to the whole period of which he writes. He has no practical conception of the great fact of all—the abiding existence of the Roman Empire. He knows it in a kind of way; he knows the facts which prove it; but he makes no real use of them; he does not realize them as the key to the whole thing. In fact, Mr. Reynolds is just in the frame of mind in which we should expect a man to be who has read Hallam, Gibbon, and Milman, and has fancied that he need not endeavour to learn anything more about the centuries from the fourth to the ninth. Of course no knowledge is really sound which does not rest on that "original research" which Mr. Reynolds despises; but he has not gone to the most promising places even among modern writers. If he shrinks from anything but plain English or polite French, it is quite possible for him to learn a good deal without wearying himself with a single mediæval chronicler. But if he wishes to know the theory of the mediæval Empire, without which all mediæval history is simply unintelligible, he must—and he may do it with ease—extend his reading beyond the three writers who seem at present to form his English historical library.

Of Mr. Reynolds' present instalment the opening part is the best. Though he misses two or three important points, he seems on the whole to understand the elder Roman history, and he gives a good and clear view of many things in the condition of the Empire. This, we are told, is condensed from Amédée Thierry. In reading it we are constantly struck by the thought how much better an introduction to the Life of Caesar it would have made than that with which Caesar's biographer has actually favoured the world. The gradual growth of the Roman system, the gradual admission of Latins, Italians, and provincials, the unfitness of the Roman municipal government to act as the government of a vast empire, are all, on the whole, clearly brought out. If there is anything wanting, it is that Mr. Reynolds does not show clearly enough how impossible, according to Roman notions, were the (to us) obvious alternatives of representation and federalism. It is clear that, if either of those could have been adopted, the Empire was not unavoidable. The turning-point of the question lies wholly in their impossibility, which left no choice but either the rule of one man or a form of commonwealth which had been proved to be unsuited for the purpose. Mr. Reynolds misses this, but his sketch of the Roman Empire in its earliest stage is on the whole fairly done. He should not, however, speak so loosely as to say that Britain, in the time of Augustus, "was, as yet, Roman in name only." Of course it was not Roman in any sense till the reign of Claudius. But it is only when he draws near to the critical transitional period that Mr. Reynolds begins seriously to break down. Sometimes he altogether misconceives things, sometimes he fails to realize things or to give them their proper importance. And he has a most curious habit of self-contradiction. He will give a narrative which reads exactly as if he had never heard of the very point which forms the key to the whole story. We look on a very little further, and find that he has heard of it, but has failed to see its importance. If this is the systematic and scientific way of treating history, we really cannot see its special advantage over the old way of first trying to learn the facts and then trying to understand them. Here, as an instance, is the way in which Mr. Reynolds deals with the event of 476:—

The empire in Italy was passing into the hands of barbarians, as it had passed already in the provinces. One step further alone remained to be taken. The name of the empire still subsisted. The barren sceptre of the West was still held by a Roman. But after a short interval, comprising the reigns of several Emperors, who were set up or deposed at the mere pleasure of a foreign soldiery, the title of Emperor was itself to pass away, and the kingdom of Italy to be possessed openly by a barbarian. This easy transition was effected at the deposition of Romulus Augustulus, last of the Western Emperors. Odoacer the Herulian, chief of the barbarian armies in Italy, was the first barbarian monarch.

We first read this believing that Mr. Reynolds, in his process of "consulting" Gibbon, had never lighted upon the passage in which Gibbon distinctly describes the event—though, we suspect, like Mr. Reynolds, without thoroughly realizing it. But in the next page we read:—

Amid all these political changes, the unity of the Roman Empire still, in name, subsisted. The West was not separated from the East, but both alike were subject to the one Emperor at Constantinople. This subjection of the West was a name, and nothing more. The consent of Zeno was asked, and

obtained after the event, for the establishment of Odoacer's rule; but the bare title of Emperor of the Roman world could add nothing to the reality of Zeno's power. The point would be undeserving of notice, were it not for the re-assertion, in the next century, by Justinian, of the claims of the East to the possession of an undivided sovereignty; and for the aid it gave to the subsequent revival, in another form, of the imperial name and office. . . . But after the fall of the empire had become a fact which admitted of no disguise, and before men's minds had accustomed themselves to the modern idea of sovereignty, the Pope of Rome derived, in the interval, an accession of temporal power and dignity, from the old notion that there must somewhere be a Supreme Lord, and from the absence of any other to whom such a function could be attributed. In this way, then, as in so many others, the Empire of Rome was revived and continued in the Papacy.

"The point would be undeserving of notice, were it not," &c. Is this systematic and scientific history? We suppose that any point would be undeserving of notice, were it not for the important consequences which followed it. We grant that Zeno had no effective power in Italy. But the mere fact that, though he had not, yet those who had such power thought it right or expedient to recognise his supremacy, is, on that very account, the more important. In short, the petition of the Senate to the Eastern Emperor, unreal as it reads, is one of the most important documents in history, because it is one of the most important evidences of the effect which the Imperial idea had on men's minds. But Mr. Reynolds has no idea whatever of the abiding life of the Empire, except some confused notion that it was somehow continued in the Papacy. There is an old Oxford story of some one who thought that "Sacrum Imperium Romanum" meant the Papal dominions. Surely a Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose is not of the same curious way of thinking.

Mr. Reynolds presently tells us about the Lombards:—

From this time [the invasion of Alboin] for nearly two hundred years the sovereignty of Italy is divided between the Lombards and the Greek exarchs; the former of whom, encroaching by successive steps, at length drove out the Greek governor, and possessed themselves of the entire country. The exarchate was terminated in 752 by the Lombard king Astolphus.

Mr. Reynolds quite forgets that the Eastern Emperors retained part of Southern Italy till the eleventh century. Speaking as he does of the event of 476, Mr. Reynolds was not likely fully to understand the event of 800. Yet his account, though very inadequate, is not so bad as we had expected to find it, considering that Mr. Reynolds in an earlier place incidentally speaks of the Karlings as the "second French dynasty." Some way after this we read:—

It was not, however, without a severe struggle that his son, Charles Martel, succeeded to his father's office (715). It was well for France that he did succeed. It was no time then for disputes or divided counsels. The liberty, the very existence, of France was soon threatened by new enemies from without. The tide of Germanic invasion was pouring still westward. What does this mean about the tide of German invasion? The accession of the Austrasian Karlings may in some sort be looked upon as being itself a Germanic invasion, but here Charles Martel is invested with the strange function of warding off a Germanic invasion from "France." Yet when Mr. Reynolds comes to the coronation of Charles Martel's grandson, he has found out that he was a German:—

It [the coronation] meant no less than the formal and permanent separation of the West from the Eastern Empire. The two sons of Honorius had been joint possessors of the whole empire. The barbarian kings, who had risen successively to power on the ruins of the West, were supposed to hold their office either in dependence on, or in rebellion against, the Emperor at Constantinople, on whom, after the deposition of his Western partner, the entire right of both branches of the imperial family had descended. Charles was the first Teuton in whom the fact of sovereignty was strengthened by the addition of the imperial title—the first, in name as in reality, Emperor of the West. The nature of the office was not accurately defined. It bore with it a certain vague majesty—the sense of a dominion now held by divine sanction—not limitless, perhaps, but with no fixed limits assigned to it. The traditions of Rome were its inheritance. Its possessor was a new Caesar.

The last sentence or two is beyond us; perhaps the biographer of Caesar may understand it. In the remainder there is an odd mixture of facts half understood with pure delusion. The coronation of Charles doubtless led to the first separation of East and West, but it "meant" no such thing. The Old Rome asserted its right of election against the New, but it did not proclaim any formal separation. Charles, the immediate successor of Constantine the Sixth, was doubtless, in theory, lord of the Old and the New Rome alike. Again, what is meant by saying that Charles was "the first, in name as in reality, Emperor of the West." "Emperor of the West" is a form of words which is often very convenient, but does Mr. Reynolds fancy that it was ever used as a formal title by any one?

One extract more. The following is all that Mr. Reynolds has to tell us about the English conquest of Britain:—

Seldom has invasion been more disastrous than this was to the Britons. The invaders spread themselves over all the most fertile districts, and founded at length seven independent kingdoms, known as the Saxon Heptarchy. Wars and internal dissensions were now of constant occurrence; but the details of these are scarcely known, and can be of no importance whatever. But the work which had been undone by the Saxons was again commenced when the invaders had established themselves in the island; and Britain was again incorporated into the system of Western civilization. For the present it may be sufficient to say that Christianity was introduced into Kent at the close of the sixth century, and some time afterwards into the rest of the Saxon kingdoms; and that the whole of them were at length united under one monarchy shortly after the commencement of the ninth century. The history of the civilization of Britain belongs to a later period.

We have perhaps missed the exact point of Mr. Reynolds' theory of systematic and scientific history. We see in his compilation nothing but a sketch, conceived in a spirit quite behind

the present advance of historical knowledge, of a period with which no man should meddle rashly. What Mr. Reynolds can propose to himself is beyond us. The original authorities should be read; their great modern commentators should be read; but why anybody should be called on to read a meagre sketch at second-hand, or why such a sketch should be called a "System of Modern History," are questions which we must leave to those who think the reading of three or four modern books preparation enough for writing the history of the most perplexing ages which the world has gone through.

ROSS'S VISIT TO THE SOUTH.*

THE present moment is hardly favourable to the success of a book which was written while the Confederate cause still seemed prosperous; and which, although it contains some curious information respecting matters imperfectly understood and incidents comparatively unknown in this country, throws no light on the circumstances which disappointed the hopes so long and so confidently entertained, and brought the final catastrophe to pass so much more suddenly and decisively than ordinary observers could have expected. Till now, the strong interest felt in everything that could elucidate the recent events of the war, and assist us to understand the past vicissitudes and future prospects of the contest, ensured to every one who could tell us anything new concerning the armies, people, and circumstances of the South an eager and attentive audience; and the papers in *Blackwood's Magazine* which are reprinted in this volume were read with extreme interest by all who wished to know what an intelligent professional observer could gather, in a hasty visit, about the military situation and operations of the Confederacy. When the fate of the Southern people is finally decided, and their gallant struggle has become nothing more than a recent and most deeply moving episode of history, books of this class will have another and a more melancholy interest. But at this conjuncture they fail to fix our attention. As testimonies to the character and spirit of the defeated nation, we do not need them; as evidence of the apparent strength and prospects of a cause now fallen, and anticipations of the issue of a conflict now rapidly approaching a most unlooked-for conclusion, they have lost their value; and the time is not yet come when we can take them up simply as contributions to the history of the American war. The inopportune of its publication is the more to be regretted since this book is very pleasant reading, contains some useful information, and would, three months ago, have enjoyed a deserved popularity—as, indeed, did the separate essays which form the principal portion of its contents. Captain Ross is a shrewd observer; and, like many military men, he writes in a simple, agreeable, unaffected style, entirely free from that verbiage which is too common among authors by profession, and from that dreary ostentation of liveliness which has of late become fashionable. His unpretentious volume contrasts very favourably with the ponderous works of certain literary visitors to the Northern States, and will bear comparison even with the excellent narrative of Colonel Fremantle's expedition to the South. Captain Ross encountered that gentleman in the Confederate camp just before the battle of Gettysburg, and with this engagement, which closes the Colonel's story, his fellow-traveller begins. He subsequently witnessed the battle of Chattanooga, and visited the principal cities of the Confederacy; and his observations afford an answer, more or less sufficient, to some of the questions most frequently raised concerning the course pursued by the generals on either side, and the reasons of failures and successes unexpected by distant observers.

Why did General Lee attack at Gettysburg, the enemy's whole army being before him in an almost impregnable position? It was not his original intention, nor did it seem necessary to his plans. If he had not attacked, the enemy must have attacked him, at great disadvantage, and probably with a disastrous result. Captain Ross says that Lee was not aware that, since the great success achieved in the first day's fighting, Meade's whole army had come up; and of course, if only a portion were before him, it was his interest to destroy it before reinforcements could arrive. Moreover, it is apparent, from the account here given of the battle, that the Confederates had, at one moment, a very fair chance of success—owing, certainly, to a display of unusual and desperate valour; and that, had Pickett's Virginians been supported by troops as reckless as themselves, the position which they carried for a moment might have been held, and the enemy cut in two. Lee's ignorance of the enemy's strength was due to the accidental absence of Stuart and the cavalry.

It has been frequently asked why Lee did not attack Burnside's army as they lay under the heights above Fredericksburg, which they had vainly attempted to storm. Captain Ross explains that the hills on the northern bank of the river, on which the Federal artillery was posted, were absolutely impregnable; and that, in moving out of his lines, Lee would have been exposed to a crushing fire from these guns, which were entirely out of reach. It seems possible, nevertheless, that a night attack might have inflicted heavy loss on the defeated and dispirited Federals, if the discipline of the Confederates was such that a night attack could safely have been ventured.

* *A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States.* By Fitzgerald Ross, Captain of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian Service. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1865.

The speedy fall of the forts in Mobile Bay, and the obstinate defence of the city itself, have almost equally surprised English observers acquainted with the place, and even Southern gentlemen thoroughly familiar with the town and its defences. Captain Ross's notes of what he saw leave little room for astonishment on either point. He evidently considered the harbour forts all but untenable, and the fortifications of the city so strong that an assault would be almost hopeless. Had he felt himself at liberty to give a full description of what he saw, his account would have cast great light on one of the obscurest points of the vast scheme of operations which extended from Richmond to Galveston, and of which as yet only the greater features are tolerably understood. On the other hand, it is clear that Captain Ross, like the officers in command, overrated the strength of Fort Fisher and the other defences of Wilmington and Cape Fear River, which fell with unexpected ease before a heavy bombardment and a resolute assault.

Of the battle of Chickamauga, and the incomplete and disappointing results of the victory, Captain Ross speaks with a diffidence and reserve which offer a marvellous contrast to the positive and dogmatic criticisms of some who had neither his professional knowledge nor his advantages of personal observation. But it is plain that he, in common with the army and the leading officers, considered the victory to be due mainly to the skill and dash of General Longstreet, and conceived that the inertia and misjudgment of Bragg were the cause of the incompleteness of the triumph; and that, had the success been properly followed up, the Federal army would have been crushed, and East Tennessee recovered by the Confederates. Almost every account and every opinion which we have been able to collect concerning the Western campaigns point to the same conclusion; namely, that Mr. Davis made three serious mistakes—first, in retaining Bragg in command so long; secondly, in removing Johnston; and thirdly, in appointing a mere dashing soldier, like Hood, and permitting him to advance into Tennessee, leaving Georgia at Sherman's mercy. In all human probability, but for these mistakes, the recent reverses of the Confederacy could never have occurred; for even if Rosencranz had not been destroyed at Chickamauga, and the retreat on Atlanta had consequently become necessary, Johnston would never have permitted that abandonment of Georgia which opened the whole interior to Sherman, and cleared the way for that northward march which seems to have decided the fate of the South.

On two contested points of great consequence to their honour, if not to their fortunes, Captain Ross's testimony, in common with nearly all other evidence that deserves the name, is favourable to the South. We refer to their observation of the amenities of civilized warfare, and to their relations with the negro race. No independent testimony has ever been presented to support any of the Federal charges against the Southerners, whether of refusing quarter, of maltreating their prisoners, or of ill-using non-combatants; while the counter-accusations of the Confederates are, in many instances, unhappily indisputable. We venture to say that no case of outrage against women or children, of wanton ravage or licentious plunder, was ever proved against the Confederate armies. So gentle was their conduct that the Pennsylvanians made a grievance of their trampling down the crops on their march, instead of confining themselves to the roadway, and of their paying for the supplies taken by their foragers in Confederate currency, and of their burning a few public buildings in Chambersburg; while Federal newspapers and preachers boasted openly of the systematic firing of Southern towns, of the destruction of barns, crops, and food, and the burning of dwellings and even churches, all along the route of the Federal armies, and of outrages of the foulest character on the defenceless population. It is not even pretended that the Confederate generals ever shot a prisoner in cold blood, whereas scores of Confederate soldiers have been murdered, on the flimsiest pretences, by Federal commanders; and Mr. Lincoln never returned an answer to Confederate remonstrances, or said one word in condemnation of the practice. Regarding the maltreatment of prisoners in other ways there is a greater conflict of assertion. That Confederate prisoners have been starved to death in railway carriages is confessed by Northern journals; that they have wanted food and clothing, and have been wantonly confined in noisome casements, though feebly denied in general terms, may be held to be beyond reasonable doubt or question. But General Neal Dow and some of his countrymen have accused the Confederates of similar offences. The fact that the Northern Government for many months stopped the exchanges, leaving 40,000 men in Southern prisons, seems to show that they either utterly disbelieved this story or were cruelly indifferent to the fate of their soldiers. But the evidence of Captain Ross may be taken as conclusive on this question. He visited all the Southern prisons, and reports them all clean, spacious, and wholesome. In the Libby prison at Richmond, where 40 negroes waited on 1,000 captive officers, "there was not a bad smell." At Belle-Isle, of 8,000 prisoners, 76 died in six months—fewer than perished at Fort Delaware in one day, said the officer in command. An act of charity was the sole foundation for the calumny. A batch of sick prisoners, whose lives were in danger, were sent to die at home; and these were exhibited, by Yankee ingenuity, as victims of Southern cruelty, and examples of the average condition of the prisoners. Even the infamous maltreatment of General Morgan and his officers, who were confined as felons in the Penitentiary of Ohio, did not

provoke the South to retaliate on its captives, nor shame the Washington Government into an apology.

Regarding the fortunes and feelings of the negroes, the testimony of a stranger is not of so much value. A foreign officer, visiting military prisons and testifying to their admirable condition, must be admitted as a credible and competent witness; and his evidence is, to impartial minds, decisive. But it is quite possible for him to be grossly deceived with regard to the feelings and the treatment of a subject caste. The mere fact that he sees no ill-usage, and hears no murmurs, proves but little; he is no more likely to witness the unpleasant details of plantation management than those of domestic discipline. But when we find that all unbiased visitors to the South tell one consistent tale, that every story of ill-usage of slaves comes either from a person entirely ignorant of Southern life, or from one who has obvious motives for slandering the slave-owner, and that the most incredible and the most probable stories of cruelty are told by the same witnesses, and rest on the same authority, we begin to doubt the value of Abolitionist assertions, and to attend more respectfully to the unanimous testimony of impartial witnesses. We know that on some points they can hardly all be deceived. Having lived on familiar terms with Southern gentlemen, they must know how Southern gentlemen speak of and to their negroes. Having seen good deal of the negroes, who are not a race capable of reserve, they must be pretty well able to judge of their disposition. And we find that all impartial witnesses, long before this war began, and ever since it has raged, have told us the same tale, and that tale is corroborated by the experience of the war. "The negro loves his master; the master feels kindly to the negro. The masters speak kindly of their 'boys,' and indignantly of any case of gross ill-treatment. Flogging, instead of being a daily incident of slave life, is a thing we never saw or heard of. Where Abolitionists get hold of the negro, and promise him freedom, which to him means liberty to be idle, he is easily seduced; left to himself, he is thoroughly faithful to his master, or his master's wife and children; and even in strong temptation will display more than the honesty of a white servant." Such is the universal testimony of unbiased travellers in the South. Captain Ross, in testifying to the mutual goodwill of the two races, and in telling anecdotes of white patience and black fidelity, only confirms the evidence of all who have gone over the same ground. And, allowing for the obvious truth that travellers do not see everything, we cannot doubt that their testimony is in the main correct. The notion that the life of the slave is one of systematic wretchedness and ill-usage is in the highest degree improbable. It is not likely that men should be habitually cruel to valuable chattels, to affectionate dependents, to labourers on whose work their fortunes depend, to attendants who at every hour of the day and night hold their master's life, and his children's lives, at their mercy. What we might naturally expect from the relation is, that masters and servants would generally be much more strongly attached than in Europe, regarding the tie between them as indissoluble; that, inasmuch as the Southerners are not a grinding, eager, greedy race, the negroes would not be overdriven; that, in the absence of temptation, they would be faithful, as born dependents usually are; but that to temptation they would yield as easily as children and savages always do. And this is substantially what all travellers tell us. What we must add to this is, that wherever there is power, there will be those who will abuse it; that, as here we have men who ill-treat their wives, and women who maltreat their servants, so in the South there will be men and women who will ill-use their negroes; that, as authority cannot be upheld without coercion of some kind, and as dismissal is inapplicable to a slave, the whip must now and then be employed; and that strangers will hear and see nothing of these unpleasant incidents that can be kept from them. When we brush aside the unauthenticated reports or absolute fictions of Abolitionist writers, this is about the amount of truth that is left at the bottom of their invectives. Despite occasional brutality on one side and rebellion on the other, most relations between protector and dependent, where the dependence is natural, are relations of mutual goodwill, and we see no cause to suppose that slavery is an exception. On the contrary, though the power of a master over a slave is less controlled by law or feeling than any other domestic authority, it seems doubtful whether the maltreatment of a negro is a more common crime in the South than the ill-usage of a woman in England. And as wives are generally faithful and children obedient, albeit some husbands and fathers are brutal, so there is every reason to believe those who assure us that for the most part the negroes of the South have been faithful to their masters in the camp, and to their mistresses on the plantations, to an extent which has sorely disconcerted Abolitionist expectations. Such, in its vices and its merits, was the system whose overthrow, in the opinion of a large number of our countrymen, is cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of half a million of lives, of five hundred millions of money, the conflagration of half a score of cities, the destruction of a gallant nation, and the conversion of an Eden into a desert. How much suffering and sacrifice may yet remain for victor and vanquished, for slave and master, before the new relations of the races can be placed on a satisfactory footing, is beyond the reach of human conjecture.

THE WARRIORS OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.*

SIR EDWARD CUST deserves great credit for devoting part of the leisure allowed him by court and camp to the composition of works of a description in which our literature has hitherto remained singularly barren. His *Lives of the Warriors of the Thirty Years' War* constitute a book at once full of matter and easy of compass, and we can only echo the expression of his desire that these biographies may find readers in huts and beneath tents who will appreciate the candid spirit in which they were designed, and the unaffected and manly style of their composition. Books like these volumes are to be welcomed as efforts to begin the plan of forming military libraries at the right end—i. e. to provide soldiers with books before providing them with book-shelves, and thus to form a congregation as the necessary preliminary for building a church.

It is as well, however, to confess at once that, as a contribution to the history of the Thirty Years' War, these Lives have no value beyond that which attaches to an honest attempt to engage the attention of a wider circle of readers to a period hitherto strangely neglected both by historical writers and historical students. The design of the work is good; but the execution, from no fault of the writer's, is extremely imperfect. In the first place, it may be doubted whether the biographical method of writing history can be successfully applied to a period which is as yet but very partially understood. Mr. George Long not many years ago published an admirable series of translations from Plutarch, under the title of the *Civil Wars of Rome*. Unless this title was to be regarded as merely adventitious, it was the only unfortunate circumstance connected with a performance otherwise excellent in every respect. In the nineteenth century of the Christian era no one would think of going to Plutarch for a history of the civil wars of Rome, unless he felt himself possessed at once of the power of combining several sketches into a single picture, and of the capacity of assigning to each character its proper position in the general drama. Sir Edward Cust has made it his object, "somewhat after the manner of Plutarch," to collect all the incidents illustrative of the character and services of each of the warriors of the Thirty Years' War; and he has thus entailed both upon himself and his readers the wearisome labour of continually going over the same ground, without wholly succeeding in ensuring a perfect and definite comprehension of the entire course of the war. It would perhaps have been a more advisable plan to take Gustavus Adolphus, for whom the gallant author entertains the most unbounded admiration both as a man and a soldier, as the central figure, and to group the other biographies round his as a series of supplementary sketches.

Sir Edward Cust complains, with a somewhat unnecessary tenderness, of the criticisms to which he has been exposed on account of supposed inaccuracies of orthography of names and places in a previous work; and he mentions, with some pride, the favourable counter-testimony of a "German gentleman who is exceedingly well read in military history." For ourselves, we must confess to having observed a few errors of the same kind in the present work, which, however, we are glad to pass over in consideration of the evident desire for fairness and impartiality manifest throughout it—a desire which it might be well if those "most interesting historians," to whom Sir Edward refers with modest awe towards the termination of his preface, would descend to imitate. At the same time, we must be permitted to point out a few amongst the most conspicuous errors with regard, not to the orthography of names and places, but to historical facts, into which the author has fallen. He has trusted too largely to the authorities which he so conscientiously quotes, and which may be summed up as Schiller, Harte, Mitchell, and the *Kriegs-Kunst-Lexicon*.

We will confine ourselves, in the main, to the lives of Tilly and Gustavus Adolphus, in whom the author has properly recognised the best and purest representatives of the two religious interests conflicting in the struggle. To commence at once with the most famous achievement of the former—the siege and capture of Magdeburg—we must demur to the looseness with which the Margrave Christian William of Brandenburg, deprived by the Edict of Restitution of his Episcopate, is vaguely designated as "a superior officer, styled Administrator" who had "obtained the confidence and concurrence" of the Magdeburgers "to defend their liberties." The confidence of his former subjects was unfortunately precisely what the luckless Administrator was never able to conciliate, as he had neither a moral title to it nor, what might have served as a substitute, "money in his purse." But inaccuracies like these result from a want of knowledge of the intricate relations at that time connecting German princes with their subjects on the one hand, and with the Emperor on the other. We should have thought, however, that a very general knowledge of German history might have prevented the author from designating the field of Breitenfeld as "historic," "for here the Emperor Charles V. overcame and took prisoner the Elector of Saxony; and it had from that or other causes received the name of God's Acre." Mühlberg, where John Frederick began a long series of misfortunes for his noble house, is, roughly speaking, an honest fifty miles on the opposite side of Leipzig to that on which stands the God's Acre—a name not to

Lives of the Warriors of the Thirty Years' War. By Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L. London: John Murray. 1865.

our knowledge, specially appropriated to the plain of Breitenfeld. Nor can we divine the authority, ancient or modern, which leads the author to call the Walloon Guards, who played so distinguished a part on the losing side in the battle, "a famous body of Castilians."

The Life of Gustavus Adolphus is written with greater love and care than that of the most honest and single-minded of his opponents. Sir Edward Cust pays a proper tribute to the latter qualities in Tilly, who, even if he be an undesirable subject for the "rehabilitation" with which certain German writers have lately attempted to honour him, deserves some rest after the torrent of unmitigated abuse which has for two centuries descended on him, in every sense, "devoted" head. But why, in weighing blame and praise, Tilly should be ranked as necessarily beneath Count Mansfeld as a general, we are unable to understand. That vulgar prototype of Wallenstein was, indeed, before the rise of the latter, unrivalled in his genius for raising armies, but, as Sir Edward himself justly remarks, "he lost them as quickly as he raised them." No victory of importance glorifies the history of this *Clericorum Attila*, who was in truth a post-dated Hun and an outlaw, not only by Imperial proclamation, but by birth, nature, and character. The history of Gustavus Adolphus yet remains to be written. Protestant gratitude and Harte may for the present contest the subject with Catholic spleen and Größer; but the balance has not as yet been adjusted which shall fairly and justly weigh his claims to be considered as one of the exceptional heroes of the world's history. Sir Edward Cust fearlessly throws the weight of his enthusiasm on the Protestant side, and has composed a very readable life of his favourite warrior, "this great and good man." The question as to the causes which determined Gustavus to champion the apparently lost cause of religious freedom in Germany, is not unskillfully treated. The most is made of the affront suffered by the Swedish deputies during the negotiations at Lübeck; but it is forgotten that, whatever the affront was, it had been wilfully sought by the King, into whose "royal heart it struck deeply." It was he, and not his subjects, who had made up his mind for war; and even the loyal Swedish historian Geijer throws a somewhat different light from that shown in this and other biographies upon the enthusiasm with which Sweden backed the ambitious enterprise of her Sovereign. For Gustavus' conduct of the war Sir Edward Cust has scarcely any other words than those of unmixed eulogy. We had hoped to find the King's services to military science dwelt upon more emphatically and at greater length. Those interested in his reforms in artillery will find them well explained and elucidated in one of the earlier publications of an author who has himself since employed cannon to carry out an "idea"—the present French Emperor. With regard to the discipline maintained by Gustavus in his army, Sir Edward Cust merely echoes a universal and, upon the whole, well-merited encomium; and he is of course willing to palliate the exceptional excesses at Frankfort-on-Oder, though he reproduces the unfair exaggerations of Tilly's connivance at the brutalities of Magdeburg. We are less ready to assent to the following gentle disclaimer of the possibility of Gustavus having ever soiled his victorious hands by plunder:—

The dethroned King's [Frederick's of Bohemia] palace at Heidelberg had indeed been shamefully rifled of all its treasures; but no retaliatory plunder was committed by Frederick, who did not touch a single cabinet, bronze, or picture. We may remember that our Charles I., in his correspondence with the Swedish Chancellor, had an eye to obtaining a tithe of these fine things; but the stern morality of Gustavus, and the nobleness of his temper, would not permit him to use the opportunity of undignified thieving. Perhaps he might have laid his hand upon some of the secret manuscripts which Maximilian had flitched from the library at Heidelberg; but if he had found them, he would have restored them to Frederick.

We fear that the effect of this quotation may possibly be marred by that of another, which we subjoin. It is taken from an interesting account of a visit to the Court of Stockholm, in the year 1634, by a French embassy, written by one of their number under the title of *Carolus Ogerii Ephemerides*, and describes a visit to the Royal Treasury:—

Profecto (neque id ipsi negaturi sunt, nisi sus ipos frugalitatis poneat) ante Gustavum tenues erant ac modestae ille divitiae . . . Reliqua omnia quis sigillatae vidi, opima sunt Heribpolis, ac Monachii, spolia a Gustavo nuper asportata, tabula presertim insigne a praestantissimi pictoriis facta . . . ac fure singulae Bavariae insignibus inscripte . . . Visantur et hic non sine acerbo Catholicorum mentum sensu, crucis ex auro solidio, consecratique calices, lituque Episcopales; atque vasa Ecclesiastica, e Germania templis direpta, quorum pleraque gemmis et lapillis pretiosissimis sparsae et decoratae sunt, &c.

We observe that Sir Edward Cust, with a self-restraint which Plutarch would have found it impossible to maintain, passes over, in his account of the death of Gustavus, all the rumours attributing it to foul means. There is, in truth, no satisfactory evidence to support a story which was at one time universally credited in Europe; and the author deserves credit for abstaining from the attempt to keep alive an apocryphal surmise which no trustworthy evidence has as yet been found to justify.

We can merely glance at some among the remaining biographies which add their abundant matter to the interest of these volumes. Wallenstein is treated by Sir Edward Cust with a kindness which he had no right to expect from so enthusiastic an admirer of the modern system of standing armies. He may possibly owe much of this forbearance to a previous English military biographer, the late Colonel Mitchell; for Sir Edward Cust does not appear to have consulted Forster's elaborate and assuredly overstrained defence at first hand. Where, by the by, is the "University of

Goldben," in which Wallenstein is stated to have fallen from one of the highest windows at the top of the building? The accident, to which the priests ascribed the subsequent conversion of the promising young heretic, took place at Innspruck, where Wallenstein was serving as a page of a member of the Imperial house. Nearly all the Swedish generals who shone in the later years of the war as stars after sunset are each honoured with a special biography—among them Baner, a kind of Sicilian Dorian, who was wont to hurry from the side of his mistress to the field; Torstenson, who, crippled by podagra, earned for himself the soldier's sobriquet of *Blitzen* (lightning); and Wrangel, whom Sir Edward Cust justly compares with Wellington in his stern appreciation of the meaning of duty. Compared with these heroes, and with the brilliant Bernhard of Weimar, a Bible-soldier whose only defect was his ignorance of the existence of a higher morality, the Imperialist generals—Piccolomini and Gallia and Montecuculi—form indeed a sorry company. But we wish that the gallant author had found more space for, and shown a fuller appreciation of, Jan de Werth, one of the most honest traitors who ever bestrode horse. His treason to Bavaria is indeed scarcely apparent from Sir Edward Cust's biography, in which he appears as an Imperialist general at the time when he seceded to the Imperialists. His breach of faith was, however, nearly as successfully obscured at the time by circumstances as it is now by his biographer's inaccuracy; and he shares with Tilly the honour of having throughout proved loyal to the cause, at all events, for which he fought. Sir Edward should also have given a line to the fortunes of the famous cavalry regiment which the Emperor bestowed upon Jan de Werth after his daring act of mutiny, and which to this day enjoys the privilege of bivouacking on the Burgplatz at Vienna, while its commander is quartered in the Imperial castle. At many a siege and on many a field, against the Turks before Vienna and against Villeroi at Cremona, as well as in subsequent wars of the Austrian crown, this gallant regiment has well sustained the reputation of its bold *Reiter-general*. As for himself, it is hardly too much to say even now what was said of him by a forgotten historian—*Canitur adhuc apud rusticam gentem*—as almost the only hero whose name the people of Germany, the chief sufferers by the Thirty Years' War, have saved out of the ruins of its conflagration.

We had intended to add a few remarks as to incidental inaccuracies of statement and judgment into which, in our opinion, Sir Edward Cust has been betrayed, particularly in reference to the conduct of John George of Saxony and other Protestant princes of the Empire, the overpowering difficulties of whose situation he scarcely seems to appreciate. But we prefer to express the pleasure which the perusal of these simply and straightforwardly written volumes has afforded us, and to indulge in a hope that the readers for whom they are destined will not fail to avail themselves of so excellent an opportunity for commencing the study of a period unparalleled in its importance for both military and political history.

HAUNTED LONDON.*

WE confess that the title prefixed by Mr. Thornbury to his last work has caused us to experience something like a feeling of disappointment. The Cockneys, with little leisure time on their hands, are less skilled in the preservation of ghost-stories than the inhabitants of obscure villages, and a carefully compiled history of the houses in London said to be "haunted" would combine the advantages of novelty and local interest in the eyes of nearly all Londoners. We do not so much refer to the stories of the impostor-ghosts, such as the scratching spirit of Cock Lane, which in a great measure corresponds to the rapping-spirits of a more recent date, as to those legends of spectres which lie beyond the reach of critical investigation, and which are preserved among the populace by means of oral tradition. For instance, we should like to see a tolerably well-digested history of that Lady Hatton whose ghost formerly haunted one of the largest houses in the Holborn "Garden" that bears her name. We have vaguely heard that this same Lady Hatton was a kind of female Faust, by profession a milkmaid, who, being desirous to rise in the social scale by means of a marriage with one Lord Hatton, sold to the Devil the reversion of her soul after the lapse of a certain number of years, and, when the appointed period arrived, was inconveniently reminded of the contract while she was giving a large party. The implacable creditor, having entered the house, conveyed his victim to the topmost floor, and flung her on the pavement with such force that, while her brains were dashed out by a collision with the nearest paving-stones, her heart flew off to the spot which, on account of the awful fact, has since been designated "Bleeding-Heart Yard." Even the neighbouring pump was so far affected by the summary proceedings of the Evil One that on certain occasions it has been found to yield blood instead of water. This strange story has come to us by chance and in fragments, we scarcely know how, the "bleeding heart" being derived from one source and the bleeding pump from another. But we should like to see such stories properly told by a skilful and industrious legend-hunter who would go to work like those indefatigable Germans of whom the Brothers Grimm may be considered the chieftains, and who produce volume after volume severally containing the popular superstitions and traditions of every section of Fatherland. That there are plenty of odd supernatural scraps

* *Haunted London*. By Walter Thornbury. London: Hurst & Blackett.

lurking in divers nooks and corners of London we have no doubt, but we want a good archaeological detective to lay hold of them. Even those queer old houses at the corner of Stamford Street, which are anything but ancient, and the dilapidated condition of which has within the last year or two been traced to very material causes, contrived to link themselves with a spectral coach which the acute observer might detect flying through the air, at the midnight hour, immediately over the chimney-pots.

We are aware that to catch superstitions in an age the reverse of superstitious is a hard task, involving a labour comparable to that required for the manufacture of bricks without straw. Fresh in our remembrance is the disappointment of a zealous legend-hunter who heard that somewhere in Rochester Castle there is a magic sword which, when drawn from its scabbard, will produce some marvellous results—say the end of the world, or the marriage of the lucky drawer with some enchanted princess concealed since the days of Merlin. This promised an affinity with the story which Monk Lewis turned into his ballad of "Sir Guy the Seeker," and another which is associated with Rosslyn Castle, on the Esk. But the hard-headed guide who exhibited the Kentish ruin, when questioned on the subject, simply replied that he had heard about the sword in question, but that it was "all nonsense," and there his information stopped. It need scarcely be observed that the Colenso of an undiscovered Pentateuch is the most unsatisfactory of instructors.

With the difficulties attendant on ghost-hunting Mr. Thornbury has had nothing to do. The word "haunted" has with him so vague a signification that it nearly ceases to have any signification at all. We must, however, do him the justice to state that he does not keep us in suspense long. The very first paragraph of his preface informs us that his book deals not so much with the "London of the ghost-stories" as with the "London consecrated by manifold traditions," the "London of the present haunted by the memories of the past." In other words, his work is one of the tolerably numerous class that we find associated with such titles as "London," the "Town," &c., the author being a less serious archaeologist than Mr. Charles Knight, and a more minute one than Mr. Leigh Hunt. The information that he has collected is gleaned from sources for the most part accessible with ease, and familiar to most persons who have read much on the subject of which he treats. But this does not make it less serviceable to the general reader. The very text-books of the literary compiler are often scarcely known even by name to persons with whom history and archaeology are mere recreations; and even where this ignorance does not exist, an aggregation of the facts that illustrate some theme of interest will always be acceptable, though the facts themselves lie on the very surface of knowledge. However large our library, and however wide the extent of our reading, there are but few of us who at a minute's notice can bring our acquisitions to bear on every particular point that comes within our sphere of observation.

In the compilation of his book, Mr. Thornbury has adopted a plan which, as far as it goes, can hardly fail to secure completeness of information. He confines himself to a comparatively small section of London, and it is scarcely too much to say that he examines that section house by house. Starting from Temple Bar, and walking westward till he turns up St. Martin's Lane, he goes back to Lincoln's Inn Fields by way of Long Acre and Drury Lane, not even noticing Covent Garden and its more immediate precincts. The walk, as he says, "embraces the long lines of palaces that once adorned the Strand, or River-brink Street, the countless haunts of artists in St. Martin's Lane, the legends of Long Acre, the theatrical reminiscences of Drury Lane, and the old noblemen's houses in Lincoln's Inn Fields." If the objects contemplated or recalled to mind during the walk are considered with reference to time rather than place, they illustrate a period "not so far back as East London, and not so modern as that of the West-end." That is to say, though our glances sometimes penetrate into a remoter past, we possibly begin somewhere about the reign of Elizabeth, and but lightly concern ourselves with events later than that of the third George. Knocking and ringing at nearly every door he reaches in the course of his interesting walk, Mr. Thornbury naturally accumulates a vast mass of amusing and instructive gossip on every variety of subject, the facts that illustrate the history of the fine arts being, in his eyes, of paramount importance. With this predilection for one branch of knowledge we have no fault to find. Every man will have a peculiar point of view from which to regard a large field of objects, and the art stand-point is as good as any other. Sometimes, however, we are puzzled to guess what motive has induced Mr. Thornbury to honour certain facts with a niche in his very hospitable temple. For instance, in a record extending over some three hundred years, and not especially devoted to theatres, we do not see why we should have a tolerably full notice of "Mr. Tom Taylor's admirable adaptation from the French, the *Ticket-of-Leave*." A work that has been so very recently withdrawn from the stage can scarcely be considered a ghost, even with Mr. Thornbury's very liberal interpretation of the word "haunted." The ostensible reason for the exceptional honour accorded to this popular piece is the circumstance that it was the last great success at the Olympic since Mr. Robson's lamented and premature retirement. With all due respect for the memory of a wonderful histrionic genius, we can hardly admit that the history of the London stage is to be divided into the pre- and post-Robsonian periods.

As Mr. Thornbury is by no means wanting in descriptive

power, he need hardly have quoted the following passage, by Mr. George Sala, on the subject of the Savoy:—"So," says Mr. Sala, "run the sands of life through this quiet hour-glass; so glides the life away in the old Precinct. At its base a river runs for all the world; at its summit is the brawling, raging Strand; on either side are darkness, and poverty, and vice—the gloomy Adelphi Arches, the Bridge of Sighs, that men call Waterloo." The only use of this quotation is to show what sort of stuff really clever men may produce, when tempted by the demon of fine-writing. The artistic object of Mr. Sala is obviously to place in strong contrast an enormous bustle and a little bit of ground in the midst of it marked by an almost sepulchral tranquillity. But the contrast is forced. "The river for all the world," being seen above bridge, has not yet assumed its cosmopolitan aspect; the "brawling, raging Strand" is an easy thoroughfare to the temporary occupant of a "Hansom" who has just come from Cheap-side. As for the concluding sentence, we suggest the following emendation, "Waterloo Bridge, that Mr. G. Sala calls the Bridge of Sighs."

The list of *errata* at the end of the volume shows that the desire for accuracy, in itself always commendable, approaches fanaticism in Mr. Thornbury. Having in the course of his work mentioned the name of "Nell Gwynne," he is at pains to correct himself, by showing that the "E" is superfluous, and that the name ought to be "Gwynn." So doubtful a sin scarcely needed confessing, for poor Nelly's name is spelled in more ways than one. The facetious Tom Brown calls her "Gwin;" in Tonson's collection of Dryden's plays she figures as "Guynne." Mr. Genest, always careful, calls her "Gwyn." We must also regard it as a work of supererogation when Mr. Thornbury, having referred to Dryden's *Limberham*, as an authority on the subject of "Doyly Petticoats," assures us in the *erratum* that he really meant the *Kind Keeper*. The fact is that the delicate comedy, now brought into notice in connexion with petticoats, owns both these titles. It seems first to have been called *The Kind Keeper, or Mr. Limberham*, but in Tonson's collection *Limberham* occupies the post of honour, and the *Kind Keeper* descends into the second place. Even the anxiety to correct "novum organon" into "novum organum" argues an almost Franciscan predilection for self-castigation, inasmuch as the word is essentially Greek after all, in spite of its Latin termination. As for the request that we are to call a well-known writer "Mr. Mark Lemon," and not be content with the plain "Mark Lemon" who appears at p. 58 without distinctive affix, this evinces a spirit of courtesy which we can only admire. Unfortunately, however, the best intentions are seldom to be carried out thoroughly, and Mr. Thornbury's painful desire for accuracy is no infallible guard against blunders. For instance, the Lyceum Theatre which was first opened in 1816 is not (as he says) the present theatre, but was burned down in less than thirty years afterwards. One would have thought that every middle-aged Londoner recollects the old Lyceum, with its façade in the Strand, so differently situated in appearance from the present one, with its portico in Wellington Street.

The following spirited description of a well-known riot conveys a false impression, merely through the want of three or four explanatory words:—

In 1755, to give himself some rest, he (Garrick) brought out a magnificent ballet pantomime, called "The Chinese Festival," composed by the "Great Novvere." Unfortunately for Garrick, war had just broken out between England and France, and the pit and gallery condemned the Popish dancers in spite of George II.; and the quality gentlemen in the boxes drew their swords, leaped down into the pit, and were bruised and beaten. The galleries looked on and pealed both sides. The ladies urged fresh recruits against the pit, and each fresh levy was mauled. The pit broke up benches, tore down hangings, smashed mirrors, split the harpsichord, and, storming the stage, cut and slashed the scenery. The rioters then sallied out to Mr. Garrick's house (now East's Hotel) in Southampton Street, and broke every window from basement to garret.

Why was a particular defiance to George II. involved in the condemnation of Popish dancers? One might almost infer, from the above passage, that the second George was a sort of Hanoverian second James, whose Papistical predilections were to be zealously opposed. The carelessly suppressed fact that the King was in the theatre when the riot broke out gives to the words "in spite of King George II." their proper signification. Notwithstanding the presence of Royalty, generally a guarantee for decorum, the mob, in their hatred of Popish foreigners, forgot their good manners.

These are trifling slips, and may easily be repaired in a second edition. Much more reprehensible is a tendency in Mr. Thornbury to convey strong opinions in an irresponsible manner, by a somewhat flippant use of epithet and apposition. Thus we read, in a paragraph three lines and a half long, that "that dull cipher of a man," Monk, Duke of Albemarle, died at his lodgings in 1670, lay in state in Somerset House, and was afterwards buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Now, most of us have been trained to think that this same Monk had some hand in bringing about the Restoration of Charles II., and M. Guizot has used his name as the title to one of his historical volumes. All this may be very wrong, and Mr. Thornbury may be very right, but still his theory ought to be made out, and put in some less questionable shape than that of a mere smart epithet. In another place we read that among the eminent rectors of St. Clement's in the Strand was Dr. George Berkeley, son of the "Platonist Bishop." We grant that Plato's depreciation of the world of sense may be hammered into something like an imperfect affinity with Bishop Berkeley's denial of matter, but Berkeley is essentially of the school of Locke, and cannot be called a "Platonist" without great laxity.

of language. Nevertheless, Mr. Thornbury is so pleased with the expression that even in his index he styles Berkeley the "Platonic Bishop." Opinions are generally misplaced when introduced into a work the object of which is to present a great mass of facts, each fact being as briefly and clearly set forth as possible. Why not content oneself with calling Monk Duke of Albemarle, and referring to Berkeley as a celebrated bishop, leaving the nullity of the former and the Platatism of the latter as open questions? In his account of Wat Tyler's rebellion, this habit of summary decision leads Mr. Thornbury into doctrines that will scarcely stand the test of economical science. He tells us that, with all their intoxication of new liberty, the claims of the Kentish men were simple and "just," and he explains this assertion by stating that they demanded the abolition of slavery, the reduction of rent to fourpence an acre, the free liberty of trading in fairs and markets, and a general pardon. On what principle are we to concede that the general reduction of rent to fourpence an acre, without reference to the goodness of soils, &c., was necessarily "just"?

Nothing that we have said militates against the fact that *Haunted London* is a very interesting and instructive book. Let us add that it is well illustrated with woodcuts by Mr. Fairholt, chiefly after views of celebrated buildings connected with the story of the past.

LOVE'S CONFLICT.*

THIS is a novel of considerable promise, but based on a theory of which lady novelists are rather too fond. It proceeds upon the notion that marriages are, to quote a common phrase, made in heaven. Every young lady has a pre-ordained husband in somebody existing somewhere. Of course everything depends on getting hold of him, but, as soon as he is found, marriage is merely the subsidence of the square man into the square hole. This is not a mere barren speculation of the drawing-room, but a genuine conviction which influences the conduct of many a young lady. She goes into society with a mind possessed by this idea, and is fully prepared to find its truth confirmed by the event. Season after season slips away without producing any change in her status, because the appointed partner has not yet loomed on her horizon. Suddenly, as she is sitting at a dinner-party, dallying with a cutlet or sipping white soup, she spies across an intervening *épergne* what she is pleased to call "her fate." The voice of destiny is engaged in giving vent to no more momentous utterance than a platitude about the weather, or an observation about the last new singer; but her internal consciousness, which is unerring, at once informs her that the hour and the man have come. The weak point in this rose-water fatalism is the limited application which its fair propounders are disposed to allow it. They accept the theory, but with many implied reserves and limitations. There is a suspicious uniformity about the "fate" which they meet. It is too invariably a good-looking young man, with expressive eyes and a bewitching moustache. No one even contemplates the contingency of a less pleasing "fate," such as the King of Dahomey, or General Butler, or a Hottentot, or a South Sea Islander. And yet, if the theory of "fates" be true, there is as much antecedent probability of any one of these being the destined man as young De Boots of the Guards. It would be impious to suppose that destiny could not override the feeble barrier of nationality. There is a further limitation to this doctrine of matrimonial fates. It is held to apply to the higher class of society only. No one speaks of the housemaid "meeting her fate" when she plunges into company-keeping with the grocer's young man—least of all, she herself. Farmers and tradesmen "get married"—a phrase which suggests an ordinary business transaction rather than a conscious fulfilment of destiny. It is only pretty young ladies with lively imaginations who see at a glance the finger of fate pointed at a chosen lover. When we find their pet theory restricted within such narrow limits, perhaps it is not unfair to assume that it has been invented for the purpose of screening from public criticism their liability to sudden accesses of the tender passion, and that when they represent themselves as yielding to the force of a superior agency, they are really following, with peculiar wilfulness, the bent of their own inclination. Whether the notion be true or false, it is not calculated to add to their chances of a happy settlement in life. The odds are terribly against that event if it depends exclusively on the accidental concurrence of two sympathetic atoms. It may be a soothing and consolatory thought to a spinster of mature age to reflect that she might have married a brute, but then perhaps she would not have been in a position to need that tardy consolation if she had started in life with a more practical and less predestinarian view of love. The moral effect of that view on the female mind, if it were generally entertained, would be deplorable. It would lead to a dangerous state of indolence and suppressed activity. How much of the charm of social life would be gone if woman sat, with folded hands, waiting for her matrimonial destiny to accomplish itself, instead of exerting herself in season and out of season to please and fascinate!

Any young lady who expects such a visitation should pray her stars that her "fate" and she may meet before, and not after, her marriage to another man. Miss Marryat's object in this novel is to show the dark side of the fatalist theory of marriage, and the

dreadful consequences of a hasty marriage in favour of which destiny has not declared itself. Her heroine is a lovely but giddy girl, who is sent out, in company with her sister, by the overland route, to join her parents in India. On board the steamer she strikes up a flirtation with William Treherne, a handsome man with thin lips and a sinister eye, of the East Indian Civil Service. By means of a base stratagem, this man induces the unsophisticated Elfrida Salisbury to accept him as a lover. In company with a party of passengers they had landed at Malta to see the lions of the place, and on the return to the vessel it was found that Elfrida and her scamp of an escort, who had fallen behind, were missing. Of course Mr. William Treherne had taken good care to be late for the boat, and as the evening turned suddenly squally, no other boat could be immediately procured, so that the night was far spent before the defaulting couple made their appearance on the deck of the *Nubian*. Mr. Treherne's little game might not, after all, have succeeded had it not been for the infinite want of tact of the captain of that vessel, who proceeded to read him a lecture on the impropriety of his conduct. The blunder committed by this stupid old salt sealed the young lady's fate. Afraid of her Maltese escapade reaching her father's ears, and of her reputation being compromised, she consents to marry William Treherne, for whom she feels no love. On the very morning of the marriage, the news of the death of old Mr. Treherne arrives, and his precious son decides to return to England without a moment's delay. Poor Elfrida is torn from her parents, and spends a wretched honeymoon, on the return voyage, with her selfish unfeeling husband. At this point of the story the theory on which it is based receives its first development. All this time that Elfrida was sacrificing herself to one Mr. Treherne in India, her "fate" was another Mr. Treherne in England. George Treherne was a very different man from his cousin, and had the most wonderful blue eyes and the most fastidious notions about women, and was altogether "a dangerous man for women to look at." He had been so flattered and fallen in love with that he had forsworn the sex from sheer nausea. Admiration had become a bore to him. If one woman was more than another obnoxious to him, it was an heiress cousin to whom his uncle was bent on uniting him. But his views were destined to undergo a sudden change. In the person of Elfrida his fate "is marching down upon him steadily, and is very near." Miss Marryat disclaims any wish to make anything like a trap-door discovery of this inevitable love affair. "You know," she observes, with a naïveté which betrays a religious belief in her pet theory, "before now, that this woman and this man are the two in my story who are to make one another happy or miserable for life. Their souls were designed to meet and become one from the commencement, although unhappily the circumstances of this world interfered to prevent such union proving anything but a trial to both." This is how Elfrida "met her fate" at her cousin's place in Wales. With a presentiment of what was coming, she had, much to the astonishment of her maid, put on for the eventful evening a new black crape dress cut low about the neck and bust, and was standing on the hearthrug in the library, waiting for the rest of the visitors to appear, when

The door was flung open, and a man in a rough suit of shooting clothes, his gauntlets bespattered with mud, his gun still upon his shoulder, and a Balmoral cap upon his head, came hurriedly into the apartment. . . . The figure he encountered there was very different to what he had anticipated. It, on entering the room, he had seen a group of females standing about, George Treherne would have bolted back again to get rid of all his shooting paraphernalia before he went amongst them, but it never struck him that he should find one there alone, and that one the stranger. When he had seen her the deed was done. He could not draw back. Surprise, and something else which he could not have explained if he had thought about it—something which fixed his eye, and made his heart beat faster—chained him there.

The hypocrisy of a Platonic friendship is soon exhausted, and George Treherne proceeds to fulfil the purpose of his being by making fierce love to his cousin's wife. As one would suppose from her husband's antecedents, Elfrida has a hard time of it with him, and his family treat her with unkindness. Mad with love, and indignant at her ill-treatment, her lover proposes, by way of making things better, an elopement. But Elfrida's principles are even stronger than her fate, and she repels the suggestion with scorn. An estrangement ensues, and in a fit of pique George Treherne consents to gratify his old uncle by marrying the heiress. From this point the force of destiny is perceptibly on the decline. The influence of Elfrida's example works a moral renovation in George Treherne; he exhibits the most heroic endurance of his vulgar *épingleante* wife, and when she is brutally murdered by a *ci-devant* lover, he proves his mettle as a husband by engaging in a deadly but somewhat undignified tussle with her assassin over her dead body. The most remarkable point in this thrilling episode is the light which it incidentally throws upon Miss Marryat's notions of the criminal procedure of her country. One is prepared to believe a great deal of the unpaid magistracy, but it is difficult to imagine that a public investigation of a murder of the Townley kind, committed under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, could be nipped in the bud by the friendly offices of a local justice of the peace. A pliant jury—whether instructed by a coroner or not, it does not appear, but evidently conversant with the exigencies of novel-writers—brought in the following verdict:—"That the deceased, Hélène Treherne, came by her death from the effects of a gun-shot wound, inflicted on her by one John Read, *alias* Thomas Coles, whilst in an unsound state of mind"; and thereupon the murderer was removed to a lunatic asylum, and the awkward disclosures which he might

* *Love's Conflict.* By Florence Marryat. London: Richard Bentley. 1865.

have made at his trial were summarily suppressed. The sympathetic reader, arguing from analogy, naturally supposes that, in killing off an obstructive wife, Miss Marryat is clearing the ground for the ultimate union of the fated lovers. But such is not to be the case. George Treherne resumes his career of heroic self-sacrifice, and goes abroad to accomplish prodigies of gallantry in the Indian Mutiny. Meantime, Elfrida is driven by ill-usage to separate from her husband, but subsequently rejoins and nurses him through a dangerous illness in Switzerland, where he becomes tardily sensible of her value, and Love's Conflict ends in peace and comparative domestic happiness.

The faults of this book lie, for the most part, on the surface, but for that very reason it is to be hoped that Miss Marryat, if she desires to take rank permanently among our lady novelists, will try to amend them. They are the faults which might be expected in a young and inexperienced writer, but which, if she is capable of profiting by criticism, ought to disappear in her next work of fiction. The first we may notice is an occasional coarseness into which she is betrayed by the desire to be picturesque. The scene in which William Treherne encounters Nell Willis on the sands, and has his ten shillings' worth of kisses, and still more the scene which describes the sensations of Elfrida, shortly about to become a mother, after the insulting proposal of George Treherne, are examples in point. Another fault in this novel is that over-crowding of the canvas to which budding novelists are so prone. Not only are too many supernumeraries introduced, but the story is choked with incident. Miss Marryat has rolled into one the materials for two novels at least. The effect of this redundancy of invention is to fritter away the attention of the reader into a variety of small channels, instead of concentrating it on the prominent figures. Worse than any fault of construction is the habit which Miss Marryat has acquired, no doubt from bad example, of intruding her own personality on the reader at every juncture of the story. Mrs. Wood is a notable offender of this kind, and every one knows how wearisome it makes her pages. In the same way Miss Marryat is always interrupting her narrative to tell us the impression which her own creations make upon her. "I am afraid he gave himself airs where women were concerned"; "I believe he was bilious, poor fellow"; "I doubt if she ever observed it was beautiful"; "I wonder if one whose death was scarcely happier was hovering near"; "I think for a month or more he scarcely stirred out of the splendid apartments." These are the sort of tedious reflections with which every chapter is studded. A story should be left to make its own impression, and it is an absurd egotism on the part of an author to try to add to its effect by telling his reader how each new incident strikes him. This perpetual intrusion of the first person singular is not only, in the strict sense of the word, an impertinence, but a gross sin against the rules of art. The object of the novel-writer is to produce an illusion—to make his scenes and personages appear real and life-like. This illusion can only be produced by the narrator retreating into the background altogether and leaving the story to tell itself. A writer of fiction who needlessly reminds his reader that his story is a fiction is like a clumsy showman who brings into view the strings which set his puppets in motion. In spite of these blemishes, this work has considerable merit. Miss Marryat paints the successive emotional phases through which her chief characters pass with subtlety and force. Not only is her present performance creditable, but we think it contains the germs of something much better.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHATEVER opinion we may entertain respecting St. Augustine's philosophy*, we must acknowledge that its effects upon the history of thought in Europe can scarcely be overrated. We may be Jansenists or Molinists, Arminians or Gomarists, but we have all, unconsciously perhaps, been more or less influenced by the teaching of the great African bishop; and no name, it may be safely affirmed, has been the object of so much praise on the one side and so much abuse on the other. The *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* was, therefore, well advised when it proposed as the subject of one of its periodical prizes "the philosophy of St. Augustine, its origin and character, its merits and defects"; and the result has been a work of considerable value. M. Nourrison is already well known to the philosophical reader by his monographs on Leibnitz, Bossuet, and Bérulle; but on the present occasion he has taken a higher flight. He contends that St. Augustine's influence was due not so much to his ecclesiastical character as to his metaphysical acumen; and that, by maintaining the rights of liberty against the Manicheans whilst he upheld the claims of divine grace in opposition to the Pelagians, he proved himself the champion of philosophy. The first volume of M. Nourrison's work contains a memoir of the Bishop and a detailed exposition of his views on certainty, God, the soul, the world, and liberty. In the second, we have an account of the principal sources from which Augustine borrowed his ideas; there comes an estimate of the influence which the Augustinian theories exercised, especially during the seventeenth century; and the last chapter is devoted to a critical discussion of these theories themselves. M. Nourrison concludes by saying that contemporary philosophy can still derive much profit from the study of Augustine's works. For, whilst many of the views

they embody have been rejected as obsolete or erroneous, the Christian spirit which it is desirable to infuse into the speculations of the present day has nowhere been better exemplified than in the voluminous writings of the Bishop of Hippo.

M. Th. Bost contributes to the *Bibliothèque Philosophique** a profession of faith of liberal Protestantism. He repudiates as a calumny the epithet *négationniste* given to his friends and to himself by the orthodox party. Every false idea is, he remarks, a negation, and therefore those who advocate such ideas are the true "deniers," not those who combat them. French Protestantism has, within the last fifteen years, undergone deep modifications. There is scarcely a *pasteur* who would now sign the old confession which during the sixteenth century was the fundamental charter of the Church; nay, if the spirit of the primitive Huguenots were to reappear, those clergymen who are now deemed the stay and support of orthodoxy would certainly be excommunicated. M. Bost maintains that the only difference which exists between the liberal and the conservative sections is one of more or less. Both have departed from the old traditions, but some more widely than others. M. Bost begins by pointing out the errors of Romanism; he then argues that the attempt to fix for ever the dogmatic boundaries of the Church is, on the part of orthodox Protestants, illogical and impossible; and he concludes by examining the principal religious questions of the day, interpreting them from the point of view of the new school of which Messrs. Colani and Réville are the most distinguished leaders.

Within the wider limits of metaphysical speculation we have to notice another volume of the same series. Under the title *La Science de l'Invisible*†, M. Charles Lévéque reprints six essays or lectures on various points of psychology and theology. God, the soul, and liberty are the subjects treated of; and certainly, as the author observes, there are no questions more important to human beings. No man who is not absorbed by the pursuit of material interests, and who has preserved some sense of his own dignity, can be contented without arriving at some conclusion with respect to the great problems of the invisible world. M. Lévéque belongs to the spiritualist group of French philosophers; that is to say, he is in the ranks of the minority, for Hegelianism and Pantheism have sadly thinned the company of M. Cousin's disciples. The last two essays of this volume are reviews of the works of M. Damiron and M. Saisset.

It is dangerous to venture on the literary domain occupied by M. Vitet. M. Charles Clément, however, challenges comparison with this accomplished writer on art, and his new "Studies" deserve much praise. The introductory article is a good biographical sketch of Nicolas Poussin. M. Clément thinks that the want of simplicity which marks that great painter's productions is the only cause which prevented him from being "the legitimate heir of Raffaello"; Poussin lived in an age of conventionalisms, and his genius suffered as a natural result. Decamps, Hippolyte Flandrin, and Gleyre bring us into our own times, and suggest to our author some valuable remarks. He is particularly fond of the first-named of these three painters, whom he compares to Rembrandt. Amongst papers of a theoretical character we may notice the one relating to the re-organization of the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris. This measure, which substitutes the interference of Government for that of experienced artists, has been sharply criticized, but at the same time it presents some useful features which M. Clément describes with his usual impartiality.

Like the author of *Le Protestantisme Libéral*, M. Edmond Schérer belongs to what is called the "advanced" section of theologians. Some years ago he was considered one of the most promising representatives of the French Reformed Church. He has now connected himself with the periodical press, and the topics which once occupied him exclusively claim at present only part of his attention. The volume entitled *Mélanges d'Histoire Religieuse*§, just published by him, shows that he has lost none of his skill as a controversialist, and that his views of ecclesiastical subjects are still what they were when he enjoyed the reputation of being one of M. Vinet's most distinguished pupils. M. Schérer's preface states very clearly what he conceives to be the actual position of liberal Protestants. Criticism, he says, has for ever ruined the belief in authority; the whole edifice of the ancient faith has given way, and, whilst certain parts of it do not seem to have suffered from the revolution, others have disappeared for ever. Amongst the "obsolete dogmas" which M. Schérer rejoices at seeing superseded is belief in the supernatural, and this, he thinks, is the most important, as being the key to the whole position. Such is the stand-point from which M. Schérer has composed his *mélanges*. The book itself is a collection of reviews of the chief religious publications that have appeared within the last three or four years, and it contains, amongst other essays, a good summary of the rise and progress of Hegelianism.

The posthumous works of M. Davesiès de Pontès are now in course of publication, under the superintendence of M. Paul Lacroix, who was a near relation of the author, and who has prefixed to the first volume a suggestive biographical notice.

* *Le Protestantisme Libéral*. Par M. le pasteur Th. Bost. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *La Science de l'Invisible*. Par Charles Lévéque. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Études sur les Beaux Arts en France*. Par Charles Clément. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Mélanges d'Histoire Religieuse*. Par Ed. Schérer. Paris: Lévy.

* *La Philosophie de Saint Augustin*. Par M. Nourrison. Paris: Didier.

M. Davesiès de Pontès had been originally brought up for the navy. The Greek insurrection excited his enthusiasm, and he longed to take a part, however modest, in the efforts made to destroy the power of the Turkish Empire. Although unable to be present at the battle of Navarino, M. de Pontès visited Greece, and improved the opportunity of examining the different points of the Morea. The volume entitled *Études Orientales** is the result of this journey, which lasted four years. M. de Pontès was in the habit of taking copious memoranda of every subject that attracted his notice; and these memoranda, subsequently shaped into articles for the *Journal des Débats*, the *Temps*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are now before us. They refer, not only to Greece, but to Egyptian politics and civilization. Some idea may be formed of their merit from the fact that the late M. Augustin Thierry characterized them as being the model of what should be the work of a true archaeologist.

M. Davesiès de Pontès did not long remain in the navy. He retired from the service with the intention of devoting himself to literary pursuits, and, after many fruitless efforts to obtain a suitable position, he was finally appointed *sous-préfet*, first at Libourne in the South of France, and then at Joigny. As early as 1839 he had entertained the thought of writing a history of the revolutions of Paris. Thoroughly imbued with the theories of M. de Barante, and of what is called the *école pittoresque* of modern French historians, he had certainly chosen a subject well fitted to bring out his peculiar powers, and a graphic account of the Maillotins, Cabochians, and other insurrectionists would have formed a startling and animated *tableau*. Only a few chapters, however, of the work are extant, and they are followed in the present volume † by a curious disquisition, entitled *Paris tuer la France*, published originally on the occasion of the last French revolution. The idea of removing the seat of government, and thus depriving Paris of its importance as the capital, created, as may well be imagined, a perfect storm in the newspapers; but it was nevertheless a plausible notion, and there was much to be said against permitting the tranquillity of France to be periodically endangered because the Parisian *ouvriers* wanted to keep up the practice of making barricades. Recent Imperial "improvements," which have made the most dangerous quarters of Paris accessible to artillery, have perhaps superseded much of M. de Pontès' argument on this matter.

After having been the victim of M. Sainte-Beuve's spite, M. de Pontmartin, by the most amusing of all combinations, finds himself associated with him in the animosity of M. Daniélo, Châteaubriand's secretary, friend, and injudicious champion. For the author of *Joseph Delorme*, M. de Pontmartin is too much of a believer; for M. Daniélo, he is nearly as wicked as M. Edmund About. All these literary feuds are amusingly related in the last chapter of the *Nouveaux Samedis* ‡, a volume which consists of *feuilletons* like the *Lundis* of M. Sainte-Beuve. But whilst the critic of the *Constitutionnel* deals chiefly with the departed glories of French literature, M. de Pontmartin sketches his contemporaries, and dashes boldly in the very thickest of the *mélée*. M. Théophile Gautier, M. Michelet, and M. Barbey d'Aurevilly supply him with the opportunity of vindicating the claims of morality and of taste. There is some merit in such an enterprise—the merit, at any rate, of courage; for when we see how M. d'Aurevilly addresses those whom he dislikes, we wonder that a man can be found bold enough to attack him. M. de Pontmartin likewise displays that urbanity which ought to be the virtue of all critics, and if he would only give up the habit of indulging in childish puns, his *samedis*, both "new" and "old," would be irreproachable.

The *éloge* of Châteaubriand, proposed by the *Académie Française*, has been treated by M. Benoit in a volume with which M. Daniélo will, of course, be intensely disgusted. The author positively declines to adopt the laudatory style, and thinks that tricks of mere rhetoric are not consistent with the impartial survey of a literary career which the world ought by this time to be prepared to estimate truly. As a thinker, Châteaubriand will never be placed on the same level as Madame de Staél, and it would be extremely easy to enumerate the few original ideas he has bequeathed to his contemporaries and successors. His great merit is that of a writer. His brilliant pages show us all the perfection of French literature, combining as they do the elegance of the seventeenth century with the vigour and picturesque qualities of our own time. Châteaubriand, as a man, had many faults, his excessive vanity and his affection of a *blase* being those which most immediately strike us; but, to quote one of M. Benoit's remarks, he was gifted with the instinct of what is great, and with a kind of chivalrous pride which compensates for many shortcomings. M. Benoit has availed himself of the works written on Châteaubriand by M. Villemain, M. Vinet, and M. Sainte-Beuve, and he has interwoven in the narrative the lectures which he delivered at the *Faculté des Lettres* of Nancy, where he holds the important position of senior professor.

Here is a history of Robespierre || which will no doubt elicit loud manifestations of hostility. The author, M. Ernest Hamel,

tells us in his preface how much prejudice he himself excited when, on a recent occasion, he endeavoured to be nominated member of the *Corps Législatif* on independent principles. The acquaintance of his father with the celebrated Saint-Just was brought forward against him by the Government agents as a crime, and he was called *buveur de sang* for acts which had been committed thirty-five years before his birth. This might have been almost enough to turn M. Hamel into a Republican had he not already been one. He published a history of Saint-Just in answer to what he called the calumnies of M. Fleury, and now he attempts the rehabilitation of Robespierre. The first volume of this work takes us as far as the closing of the Constituent Assembly. It is written with much vigour, and with an evidently sincere wish to arrive at the truth; but it is scarcely possible, in dealing with such a subject and such a hero, to avoid a little partiality, especially when writers on the opposite side have been guilty of gross misrepresentations. For our own part, we are very much of M. Hamel's opinion respecting the Thermidorian reaction, and we fail to see that the rule of the Directoire was better than that of Robespierre; but it does not exactly follow from this that the power of Robespierre was founded upon a strict application of the principles of '89.

Political events bring back at short intervals in France a discussion of the question, what is the attitude of the Church towards freedom of every kind? How does it view the rights of conscience, the press, the forms of political government, and the essence of the ecclesiastical power itself? Unprejudiced observers, who are accustomed to call things by their right names, may think that the famous Encyclical has settled the question for ever in a sense opposed to the fundamental ideas of modern civilization, and that there cannot possibly be two ways of constraining the Pope's manifesto. But this, it seems, is a fallacy, and both M. Dupanloup and the Abbé Bautain have, by subtle distinctions, succeeded in convincing themselves and a few other illogical enthusiasts that the Romish Church is perfectly compatible with a wise system of liberty. The principal error of these well-meaning controversialists lies in their mistaking one phase of Church history for another, and in identifying Ultramontanism with Christianity. Such is the view taken by the Abbé Bautain in his lectures entitled *La Religion et la Liberté*—lectures originally published a few weeks before the Revolution of 1848, and now reprinted as an *ouvrage de circonstance*. The author has added some remarks on the nature and the distinction of the two powers, spiritual and temporal, and also a sketch of the origin of political sovereignty. This last chapter is a good refutation of Rousseau's system, which is as opposite to the principles of true liberalism as it is to the views of the best friends of the Church.

The renovation of Catholicism by the spirit of liberty forms also the subject of a new book published by the anonymous author of *Le Maudit*. In his first work this writer had hit upon a good idea, and he treated it with considerable power. Finding that success crowned his efforts, he determined to turn to account the popularity he had obtained; hence *La Religieuse*, and now *Le Jésuite*. † We cannot say that we admire the tone in which the preface to this third tale is written. The Abbé * * * assumes the character of a prophet, and talks magniloquently of his "great mission" and his "peaceful apostleship." He has "a task to accomplish"; after three long centuries of religious warfare between faith and philosophy, "he brings to the world a message of peace." All this is laughable; Lamennais himself, whom his adversaries charged with overweening arrogance, never held such language; and the best of it is, that the volumes introduced to the public by so loud a flourish of trumpets are decided the worst of the whole series, being nothing more than a tedious repetition of the attacks made against the *Jésuits* thirty years ago by M. Michelet, Quinet, and Génin.

The theories of the earliest school of literature have been applied all their disagreeable intensity to the middle ages by M. Maurice Sand. ‡ Raoul, sire de la Chastre et des Épouvantes, is a French *seigneur* of the thirteenth century. He relates the history of his own career, and takes us through all the vicissitudes of a life spent in making war against the Saracens, keeping his neighbours quiet, and treating the fair sex with a *sens* *façon* which does not correspond with the ideas we had always been accustomed to entertain about knightly courtesy. "The reader," says M. Sand, "must not expect to find in our hero a Nemorin or a Grandison. He has necessarily the dissolute morals, the heroic rashness, the want of scruple, the curious superstition, the chivalrous ideal, the feudal brutality—in a word, the qualities, errors, and vices of his own time." A pretty picture, truly! But, by way of answer to the novelist's theory, we would say, in the first place, that the Memoirs of Joinville—to quote only one instance—are not, so far as we know, disfigured by any licentious episodes or record of ferocity, though they must undoubtedly rank amongst the authentic pictures of mediæval history; and further, as the artist's type of man is the Apollo Belvidere rather than the Hunchback of Notre Dame, so he who paints an historical epoch should avoid, even for the sake of truth, unnecessarily expatiating upon the dark side of his subject.

M. Philibert Audebrand has assumed a task which is highly meritorious, but which in Paris would expose him to ridicule

* *Études Orientales*. Par Lucien Davesiès de Pontès. Paris: Lévy.

† *Études sur l'Histoire de Paris Ancien et Moderne*. Par Lucien Davesiès de Pontès. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Nouveaux Samedis*. Par M. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Châteaubriand, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Par M. Charles Benoit. Paris: Didier.

|| *Histoire de Robespierre*. Par Ernest Hamel. Tome 1. Paris: Lacroix.

* *La Religion et la Liberté*. Par l'Abbé Bautain. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Le Jésuite*. Par l'Abbé * * *. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *Raoul de la Chastre*. Par Maurice Sand. Paris: Lévy.

